Chiron Rising

48

$ 5.95
ADULTS ONLY

MATURITY WITH CLASS

SIXTH
ANNIVERSARY
ISSUE

P.D.C.

0 74470 80101 6 04

MOUNTAIN MAN

PHOTO BY JOEL

THIS PUBLICATION IS DEDICATED TO THOSE MATURE MEN AND THEIR MALE ADMIRERS WHO SEEK ENTERTAINMENT WHICH CELEBRATES SOCIAL, SPIRITUAL AND SEXUAL RELATIONSHIPS AMONG ADULT MALES. IF YOU ARE UNDER 18 YEARS OF AGE OR OFFENDED BY SUCH MATERIAL, PLEASE READ NO FURTHER.

CHIRON RISING (ISSN 1059-5244) is published eight times a year (the first weeks of February, April, May, June, August, October, November and December) at Westminster, California, and is available at a yearly subscription rate of $50.00. Editorial offices are located at 4864 Luna, Phelan. The entire contents of *CHIRON RISING* are copyright© 1991 by Patrick H. Colley and may not be reproduced in any manner, either in whole or in part, without written permission from the publisher. All rights reserved. Our lists of subscribers and advertisers are confidential and are not sold or given away. Publication of the name or photograph of any person or organization in articles or advertising in *CHIRON RISING* is not to be construed as any indication of the sexual orientation of such person or organization. The official views of *CHIRON RISING* are identified as such. Opinions expressed in bylined columns, letters, articles and cartoons are those of the writers and artists and do not necessarily represent the opinions of *CHIRON RISING* or Patrick H. Colley. Unless stated otherwise, all artwork and fiction featured in this publication are created from imagination, and any similarity between characters depicted herein and actual persons is purely coincidental and unintentional. All models are over 18 years of age. All correspondence received by *CHIRON RISING* is considered for publication in our FORUM section unless otherwise requested by the writer. All correspondence should be addressed to *CHIRON RISING*, P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393.

PUBLISHER/EDITOR
Patrick H. Colley

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
Charles Chiarelli, The Friar,
Kenn Richie, The Viking

COFOUNDERS AND/OR PRINCIPAL CONTRIBUTORS
Abe, D.W. Breckenridge, The Colonel, David, EBB, Ex-Logger, Exocet, Fuzztone, Walt Henry, The Heretic, Joe & Harry, Joel & Thom, Kemush, Legal Eagle, Quetzal, Ram, Kenn Richie, Pug Snider, Chelsea Williams, Woody & Sean, Xylophang

WRITERS/ARTISTS/ PHOTOGRAPHERS/MODELS
Our Subscribers

COFOUNDER AND GUIDING LIGHT
Kent Justice

TABLE OF CONTENTS

FRONT COVER: KARL . . . photo by CHELSEA WILLIAMS
2 Model MOUNTAIN MAN
4 FORUM
9 Cartoon by QUETZAL
10 Artwork by DAVID
11 Model PALO VERDE PAL
12 Artwork by RAY ROMERO
14 Poetry by BOB FOUR and FUZZTONE
15 ANNOUNCEMENTS
16 HEALTH
17 Fiction by D.W. BRECKENRIDGE
18 Interview by EXOCET
19 Model PETER OF AMSTERDAM
20 Model THE BANKER
22 Model CARL
23 Essay by FLORES
24 PROFILES OF COLOR MODELS
25 True story by K.R.B.
26 Opinion by THE HERETIC
27 Models ACE, NIGHT PORTER, BIG BILL and DICK
28 Models INDIANA HOOSIER, ALAIN, RICHARD and TOUGH OLD BIRD
29 Models JOEL, HANSRUDOLF, SHORT ONE and MARK
30 Models CAL, JOHN McNEILL, JACOB and TASSIE DEVIL
31 Fiction by GIRAFFE
33 Fiction by EUGENE GODILO-GODLEVSKY
35 Opinion by KENN RICHIE
37 Cartoon by KEMUSH
38 Model JAY-BE
39 Artwork by RAM
41 PERSONAL ADS
45 Artwork by FUZZTONE
45 Model CURMUDGEON
46 Models MR. MANAGER, JOEL and THOM
47 Model MATT
48 Models BOB THREE and BIG "D"
50 IN CLOSING
52 Artwork by ABE
55 Model RUSSIAN BEAR
BACK COVER Model MICHAEL OF GERMANY

Profiles of all black and white models, artists and writers are located at the end of their portrait/featured work. Profiles of color models are located on page 24. All contributors welcome correspondence unless noted otherwise. You may write to them as you would a coded personal advertiser. Please see page 41 for instructions.

F O R U M

SURELY YOU JEST

In your last issue, you stated that by the middle of next year, your readership will be near 150,000. I assume that this was a typo and that you meant 15,000. A Northwest Reader

Readership and circulation are two different things. Our circulation is now 10,000 and growing with each issue. Our current readership, however, is at least 150,000. XYLOPHANG did a readership poll for CR over a year ago and found that the typical CR buyer (subscriber and bookstore patron) will show his copy to an average of 15 people over the life of the issue. Having done our own studies and been made privy to the results of polls for other magazines, we feel that perhaps 15 might be a little low. After all, many subscribers are actually groups with a front man, and CR is located in quite a few gay libraries. CR is not the type of magazine that gets read and thrown away. Most of the time, it makes quite a few acquaintances before biting the dust in the garbage. A week hardly goes by that we don't get an inquiry from someone who got our address from a 4-year-old issue. As a matter of fact, we now estimate that our readership will be at least 180,000 by the middle of this year. PHC

SHIRON, CHEE-RON, KI-RON or CHIFFON?

What in the hell does *Chiron Rising* mean and how in the holy hell do you pronounce it? D.B./Charlotte, N.C.

For all our new readers: we were almost sued a few years back when a small Washington lesbian newspaper called THE SWAN got their nose out of joint over our use of the name SWAN and came at us with legal guns. We had to change our name quickly or risk getting an injunction thrown at us. In our haste—and since we couldn't afford a trademark search at the time—we looked for something offbeat. Since we were calling our readers Silver Centaurs then, and since Chiron was the king of all centaurs in Greek mythology, and since Chiron is also an asteroid/planetoid that was rising in both The Friar's and my astrological charts . . . we called our rag CHIRON RISING. Cute, huh? Actually, it wasn't too bright, because hardly anyone knows how to pronounce Chiron (Kai-Ron). Now we're trying to gear down to CR and will do so by the end of the year. If GQ can do it, we can, too. PHC

CR IGNORES THE DISABLED?

You have an interesting magazine about which I had never heard until a friend sent me a copy. Chiron seems to have been a wise and friendly companion of Greek heroes and was also a noted mathematician. What is the story of your naming the magazine? A star was named after him. Is this the "rising?" I am pleased to note that you have no ethnic bars or limitations and include all men, except you do seem to ignore the disabled. There is nothing whatsoever wrong with them, as they, too, are human beings. Why not include pix of them as well? Paraplegics, amps—there are lots of them out there in your magic age range, specifically amps, and many of them are lonely because they are, for no good reason, ignored. Most gay men know what it's like to be ignored, so put your understanding self in their shoes and open the doors to them. And don't say your readers would be offended. It's bad enough that their gayness should be offensive to so many thousands of the non-gay without your committing the same offense against the "disabled." Or look at it this way: being gay is also a disability! To be gay and disabled is a double whammy! I gather that your readers consider you enlightened. I'm asking you to prove it. Or is that too much to ask? Anonymous/Omaha

Are you sure your letter wasn't meant for another magazine? Please refer to our Publication Policy. Do you see a note that says, "No Disabled, Please."? For you edification, Mr. Anonymous, we have featured physically disabled models on several occasions. We will publish ANY reproducible, high-quality photo we receive, regardless of the model's physical condition. Writer KENN RICHIE is an amputee, and God only knows how many of our readers have been robbed of limbs and eyesight by diabetes. THE HERETIC is disabled. An upcoming model is blind. Our ranks are LOADED with the disabled! You sound hostile and bitter. If you are physically disabled, how about allowing us to publish your photo? Would that "prove" to you that we don't discriminate against the disabled? PHC

CAUTIOUS IN KEY WEST

The letter "Starting from Scratch" in #46 hit me below the belt. Except for a few variables in his letter, it could have been written by me a few years ago. "Inquiring Minds Want To Know" is also my story. As stated, I'm sure that you've heard it all before, but your publication is like a ray of sunshine on a darkened life. I never realized that there were so many admirers of mature men like myself. I live in Key West, and even on this "liberal" island, if my orientation was discovered, I'd be looking for work tomorrow. It really doesn't bother me too much, as I've always felt that one's personal business is one's personal business (and whomever he wished to know). I do not consider myself "gay" or "bisexual" but just a man who happens to prefer the company of other men. Sex has almost become not necessary. It's due to the fact that since I relish the company of mature, good-looking men, I meet a lot of people in coffee shops or with their wives and have learned to bask in their sexuality during good conversations or while showing them around the island (as long as I can relieve the built-up pressure later alone in bed). Sometimes opportunities are passed up because, even though there may be a chance of physical closeness, it's just not worth the risk of losing a good friend. Then your publication was discovered and I've been taking a few more risks. (Initials Withheld)/Key West.

THE PILE OF OLD

Keep up your unique magazine for all of us who refuse to be tossed on the pile of old. May '92 be the best ever. M.B./Monterey

THE DEEPEST HEARTACHE

I received a Christmas card from THE COLONEL yesterday, telling me of KENT JUSTICE's death on November 25th. I am shocked and saddened even though I only knew their kindness through cards. I know that you considered each other "family" and I want you to know that I care, and you are in my thoughts and

prayers as is THE COLONEL. Death is never easy and the deepest heartache comes after the shock wears off. I hope that you can hold THE COLONEL in your love and share the sorrow and loss. As he said, this blights the holidays for him, but also for you, too. I am at a loss to think he would take time to send me a card and speak of his great loss when he doesn't even know me. I don't know how to let him know that I am deeply honored to share in his grief. He must be a terrific guy. Now both of you, please know that I hold you in my heart and would hold you in my arms if that were possible. I do hope that THE COLONEL has someone near who can physically hold him to comfort him at this time. My best to you as always, and may God bless you and comfort you and keep you safe. With my concern, love and affection. WAYBURNE/Washington

Your news of KENT JUSTICE struck me very hard. My lover, thirty years my junior, died of AIDS eighteen months ago, and I was completely bereft. But the void in me was filled by a newly developing feeling of compassion for other men. I have found that I am able to be helpful to many men—especially younger ones—and while the void has never been filled, I do feel a purpose in my life I never felt before. Please advise THE COLONEL that God doesn't forget his gay children. A.M./Florida

PROSTATE CANCER

Recently cancer was found in my prostate with the result that it was removed. Now I am clear of cancer. That is the good news. I am fairly well recovered, still re-teaching my muscles to urinate on demand, rather than at embarrassing moments. But I still can't "get it up." The doctor says that it is too early to tell. I keep trying, but no luck yet. Question: if the end result is that I can never have an erection again, what is my future as far as sex and love are concerned? Can I expect to be shunned or am I just plain ignorant of the possibilities that others have discovered? Please, will those with experience in such situations write to me to educate me as to the possibilities for my future? I am hoping for the best with as positive an attitude as I can keep going. Thank you very much. Bob, P.O. Box 1262, West Chester, PA 19380.

I expect Bob will receive quite a few replies to his request, because many of our readers have written and described the effects of similar operations. Since the advice of a good urologist might prove to be the best information, patients should take the initiative and ask questions until the picture is clear (most doctors I've dealt with don't elaborate unless asked). Patients should ask questions about things like vacuum devices, implants, new medications and the general state-of-the-art relative to treating urological problems. Does sex and love end with the loss of an erection? Not by a long shot., according to the hundreds of letters we've read from men in the same boat. See DECISION by FLORES in this issue. PHC

THE VIP STATUS AND OTHER ITEMS OF CONCERN

Received Issue 47. First tactile impression through the envelope was of unexpected thinness, but discovered it was a change in paper, not a truncated edition. First visual impression was of a slick, almost "clonal" publication, but that impression soon vanished. The outside covers are excellent, a quiet and tasteful composition. Yes, that could apply to the models, but I am not referring to them now. The inside front photo by JOEL is fantastic. Detect the influence of A. Adams and Maxfield Parrish. That young man has a marvellous eye for light and composition. He should go far as he matures. Just hope he does not slide into the realm of pure homoerotica. His picture of CARL is more of a rather excellent contemplative nude study. Is it really necessary to publish your editorial office address? It is your home, no? Just thinking, that now you have so greatly expanded, why invite unnecessary harassment? Regarding the VIP Status problem, why not drop the whole thing? Regardless of your final answer, someone will be pissed. The paper work can be horrendous and a constant hassle. If you wish to honor someone, do it quietly on a one-to-one basis. Continuing on a related subject. I am extremely happy for both of you that PDC has entered the picture. The happiness is tempered, though. Will this expansion become totally beyond your strength to maintain? You only have one "thinking" head and it is impossible to be all things all the time for long. I know, for I attempted the same thing and came close to paying for it. Another fear is that uncontrollable outside pressures will force the evolution of CR into just another slick clone, albeit a superior version. Since I first read your publication, have felt it understood me and I could relate to it. For the lack of a better term, a *family* publication. J.C./San Francisco Bay Area

Starting with issue #46, we went to a more compact font, cut out 8 pages and added an 80# glossy color 4-page insert. It seems thinner, but CR contains more entertainment. And it is MUCH more expensive to print. In accordance with California law (and a few others), we have to publish the complete street address from which business is actually conducted. There are many "thinking heads" associated with putting out CR. There are no uncontrollable outside pressures to force us into any evolution we don't want; I own the magazine and listen only to my readers, contributors and cofounders. A distributor can make money off us, but another publication wouldn't even consider buying us. No profit margin. If any windfall comes of our dramatic increase in size, we'll have to hire employees. Rest assured that we'll still be barely making ends meet this time next year... and the family will stay intact. PHC

Just received #47 and I'm enjoying it very much. Thank you for publishing my picture. I liked what I saw, so I immediately went in and clipped my hair off like I used to wear it. I forgot how neat and clean it looked. The main reason I am writing is in regard to the VIP Status issue. I really don't feel that you should extend yourselves on something like this. You have always shown that you appreciate us. You have always extended our subscriptions, given credit to those contributing articles, photos, etc. We have been well-compensated and know your feelings. I know that I speak for myself, and possibly most of the others, when I say we have not done these things for any reward other than to be able to have access to a magazine like CR . . . and someone like you, who puts so much blood, sweat and tears into getting the magazine going. I doubt that you will become millionaires from the venture, but if you do, great. If there are those that might be a bit on the envious or jealous side, remember: that is their problem. We all have the same opportunity to do something constructive with our lives, or we can just sit on our butts and complain about those who do achieve something. There will always be those who are discontent but unwilling to do anything about it. I am a very regimented, militaristic, efficient-type person. No one has ever given me anything, and thankfully I have, so far, not had to ask anyone for anything. I have worked hard to achieve the little bit of success, and I can hold my head up high and look anyone right in the eye. You guys can do the very same thing and do not have to

take a back seat to anyone. Forget about the turkeys. They usually end up with their heads chopped off anyway! Remember, you guys are loved. DOUG/Arkansas

ON BISEXUALITY

Since receiving my first issue of CR (then SWAN), I have always read each issue cover to cover. The letters, stories, features and columns all identified closely with the writers and advertisers inside, and I felt a sense of companionship with the readers. The only subject I haven't seen brought up in CR is "bisexuality." I wonder if any of your other readers would be interested in reading or sharing their thoughts about the pleasures and problems encountered by the bisexual, especially as I've noticed that several are either married, divorced or have children. While a few cultures consider bisexuality the norm, many others, including our own, consider it nonexistent. Straights consider us gay; gays consider us phonies. The married bisexuals (numerous, even according to Kinsey) either live a double life or one of repression; the bisexual who falls in love and wants to share his or her feelings with their loved one faces almost inevitable prejudice, now aggravated by the specter of AIDS. There are as many facets of bisexuality as any other orientation, ranging from visual, sensual and emotional to pure affection, and the orientation can develop from either direction. From the age of eight, the only affection and erotic contacts I had were from men; three attempts with women in my late teens were total disasters. After abandoning the idea completely, I was unprepared when I discovered myself highly aroused by a girl who had become a very dear friend. Eventually I came to realize that, at least in my case, I responded most strongly to the person, not the gender. On the other hand, I have met several men who married and raised families, but turned to the gay lifestyle after the death of their spouse. One of the reasons I enjoy CR so much is that the majority of the encounters described in its stories seem to depict emotions generated by genuine feelings. I'd be glad to hear from other readers interested in this subject. BIMAN/New York

In our ads and in a couple of editorials, we've referred to the fact that bisexuals are welcome at CR. XYLOPHANG wrote an essay in the November 89 ENCORE COLLECTION (long ago sold out and worth up to $100 PLUS on the collector's market) called "The Circle of Sex." The essay maintains that pure gays and straights are minorities—that most people, if allowed to be their true selves, fall in between those two extremes. He quoted Blanche M. Baker, who wrote the prologue to the book, The Circle of Sex, by Gavin Arthur (now out of print): "It is regrettable that all too many people think of sex in terms of absolute dichotomy: men are male and women are female. Yet it takes very little observation to perceive that every person is a mixture of maleness and femaleness .... Nature does not deal strictly with black and white, for in between them spread all the colors of the rainbow." We would very much like to hear about the special problems of bisexual men and challenge our readers to provide BIMAN with information and encouragement to write an article on the subject for us. We'll forward mail to him. PHC

A LETTER FROM A SPECIAL BLUE SKY FRIEND

It's long since I've written. Just thought I'd share a few thoughts with you. I've read several comments on the artwork of CHARLES OF FRANCE. I have mixed feelings. I really like the people as he draws them, but not being into S & M, do find some of the gimmicks sort of tasteless or disturbing. I guess the hangman's noose in #43 really disturbed me. Something less lethal, say a collar or leash or shackles, might not be nearly as disturbing as something that represents irreversible death. Of your newer models, I guess I like GENTLE BEN and THE BANKER and RAY W. the best, though many others are very good, and much would depend on pose and photo quality. The artists I most look for are WALT HENRY and CHARLES OF FRANCE. The relatively new writer, EBB, is one of my favorites, and I look for his stories as eagerly as Pug's or Kenn's. I think ZONES is the best novel you've written yet. At least I enjoyed it the most. I feel you zine is ever improving and each issue is better. One of the major improvements is more color pictures. I've heard some disparaging comments on your choice of paper for printed matter and I feel that I care less what the printed matter is on, so long as it is legible and the photo quality is good. I'm always glad to pick up news in your LETTERS, ANNOUNCEMENTS and opinion sections. Don't ever cut them out. Please! Your magazine seems more like a club of friends that care about each other than anything else. I don't get other gay magazines other than a trial sub now and then. For example, after two issues of (magazine name withheld), I sent a cancel notice to it. You are the only people I feel I can depend on for honest facts in the gay world so far as news is concerned. You are the only magazine that fills all needs and stays honest and caring about what you do and the people you serve with your zine. I especially like the ability to forward a note of appreciation to writers or models I especially like. I wish you every success and a long and great future. I'm sure your success will bring some loud-mouth detractors. Just remember there are lots of us quietly appreciative folks out in the hinterlands who will continue to depend on you and choose to ignore the others. Thanks for being there. Bob K./ Minnesota

THE NEGATIVE STEREOTYPE

I believe that, in general, the American public views homosexuals as being mostly young, effeminate men, and I feel that radical groups only accentuate and propagate the negative stereotype. By providing a medium for "normal" gay men to share experiences with other men, CR unites the group, enabling one as an individual to gain confidence and strength in one's own identity. I believe that if the general public were to truly see that not all homosexual men fit the effeminate stereotype, then gay men would be accepted to a greater degree. As such, I feel that what you are accomplishing will not only benefit gay men, but also the American society at large. Keep up your visionary work. Anonymous/ Colorado

CAUTION IN LOUISIANA

I ran across your great magazine earlier this year. This is the first time I've seen something like this geared for us older men. I've hesitated about ordering past issues because previous orders to other sexually oriented concerns resulted in my name being passed around, and my mail box was receiving advertisements for all sorts of magazines, photos, videos, etc. I finally got all of them stopped. I trust that you don't give out addresses (I remember seeing that statement somewhere). Unfortunately, I have not come out of the closet yet, so I'm hesitant about ordering material like this, but I feel confident about your outfit. When I see pictures of other 50 and 60 year-olds, I feel encouraged. (Initials Withheld)/Louisiana

There is no way in hell that we will ever sell, give away, loan or rent our list of customers. The vast majority of our readers are discreet about their sex lives, and we see no reason why they

shouldn't be. Many readers write that they loath the term "the closet" and see it being used by the "gay mainstream" as a means to inflict guilt and intimidation. PHC

ANOTHER SUCCESSFUL TRIPLE

I am 28 years old. Growing up in Los Angeles made it a little easier to come to terms with my sexuality; hell, my parents had their own set of gay friends. Anyway, when I was a teenager, I found myself enjoying sex with men of all ages. Age was never a factor; the sex appeal of the man always was, and the thought of a relationship was the furthest thing from my mind. I met my partners when I was barely 18. Yes, partners. At the time Harry was 55 and Bob was 58, I saw them at the department store I was working at after school. I fell in love instantly with the older one (I truly love them both). I didn't get a chance to meet them that evening, and felt heart broken when they left the store. Three weeks later I ran into them at my favorite Mexican restaurant. I made sure that they noticed me. I must have walked by them a dozen times and stared hard, but I was lost for words each time. We didn't talk, but the younger of the two recognized me. I was happy just hoping that they would come by and visit me at work. Sure enough, they came by (three weeks later). I was so excited and wanted to let them know that I wanted to spend the rest of my life with them (of course I didn't say it). I didn't want to risk scaring them off. Bob, the older of the two, carded me before going any further. Apparently I looked a lot younger than 18. I was more than willing to oblige. It took a few months before the relationship began to evolve, but I knew what I wanted. Ten years later, I am convinced that I will spend the rest of my life with them. As I become older, I find myself more emotionally attached and physically attracted to them. Never in my wildest dreams did I ever think of having a relationship with an older man or with two men for that matter! A working three-way relationship has its moments. It was really difficult at first—but it's worked out really well for us. There is so much love among the three of us and it shows. Harry and Bob are into their 45th year together. The three of us just celebrated our 10 year anniversary with a wedding ring exchange. I just wanted to bring up a little about my relationship to show a different side. Lately, just within the last two months, I've been able to share with friends the extent of my relationship. I found my friends embracing me, telling me how lucky I was to find two men I truly love. My parents are super supportive, too. I sometimes feel like the luckiest man alive. If there was a secret to all this, I'd share it. My best to you and your fine magazine and its continued success. Take care. A.P./The Northwest

FROM BRAZIL TO THE SAN FRANCISCO BAY

I have always liked mature men. Ever since I was a boy in Brazil, I used to dream and fantasize about meeting a strong and caring mature man to hug, kiss and love. That preference for mature men even helped during my years in the Brazilian Army Prep School and the Military Academy. Because I liked mature men, I was immune to the raw appeal of hundreds of cadets who I used to see naked every day in the shower. In the military academy I was able to witness for the first time the devastating effects of persecution and peer pressure. One of our cadets checked into a hotel room one weekend and hung himself. He did so as a final solution to the relentless pressure from the other cadets who suspected him to be gay. I still remember when one of the officers who had participated in the investigation related the following dialog with the boy's mother at the dinner table in the officer's club. Mother: "What did my son do? Was he doing drugs?" The army colonel: "No, worse." Mother: "Was he stealing?" The colonel: "No, worse." Mother: "I understand." In my junior year I fell in love—at a distance—with my swimming coach. I saw him change into his swimming trunks once. I arrived early for practice and we were alone in his office. He got buck naked and walked around shuffling papers in a file without a hint of modesty. I will never forget it. I thought my heart was going to explode. Now I think that could have been a trick. I did not fall for it. I was always in love at a distance. It wasn't until I graduated that I learned about baths and bars. I was stationed in Sao Paulo then. The fear of being discovered was overwhelming. I had nightmares about ending up in a court martial on moral grounds and dishonoring myself and my family. In September, 1979, I went to Europe on vacation. There, I met a man and fell in love. I was 24 and he was 41. He helped me to get out of the army (I had to wait five years after graduation). I resigned my first lieutenant commission and moved to the U.S. in 1983. We are still together and in love. In the U.S. I saw—more so than in Brazil—the pernicious effects of the youth culture. There were no pictures, no magazines, no videotapes . . . nothing featuring mature men. I grew more and more weary and impatient. *Am I a freak because I like what I like?* I used to ask myself. That is up until two weeks ago. I found your magazine by accident in a bookstore in the El Camino Real in the San Francisco South Bay area. At first I could only see the cover (The Santa Claus one) because this particular store keeps magazines in plastic wrap. I got it anyway. That was it. I mailed my subscription that very day, and the request for all back issues available. I am saddened to learn that there are many issues out of print, but I look forward to a great future. Pat and The Friar, *giga*-thanks for creating this magazine. Thanks also for the gracious note you wrote me and the speed with which you fulfilled my request. I hope someday we can meet. It would be an honor for me. I would also like to extend my thanks to your associate editors, writers, artists, photographers and models—especially the models. I have enclosed my picture because I don't want you to be at a disadvantage since I know what you look like. Love, J.C./San Francisco Bay Area

Needless to say, we'd love to see J.C. model for us. We both have this thing for Brazilians. Personally, I go nuts over the sound of Brazilian Portuguese, sung or spoken. PHC

WILL POPULARITY SPOIL WALTER MITTY?

[Part One] I was happy to receive issue #47 today, though I have not yet read the issue. I must confess that I sometimes feel a little guilty maintaining such a low profile, though I enjoy the company of men, especially more mature men such as you are so kind to feature in your magazine. There have been such disastrous and inaccurate portrayals and perspectives on "gay" men in our society that I have never felt comfortable in adapting to the label—too much of a misnomer, as has been the subject of past articles by yourselves. Anyway, as I know is the case with others besides myself, I never had the least interest in "Male" magazines—the porno rags, that it—and it was with great nervousness that I one day found myself in an adult magazine store while working in San Francisco for a week a bit over a year ago. Scouring the racks fruitlessly, I finally had the courage to ask a salesman if they did not have anything with more mature and heavier men. Low and behold, I lucked out when he suggested I take a look at CR. I could not believe it existed! What a relief and pleasure. [Part Two] It is nearly 2 a.m. and I have to be up early tomorrow, but I felt a need to follow up on a letter I wrote earlier tonight. I am so sorry to have heard about your losses and the near loss of your mom, as well as some of the sad plights of some of your readers. I was relieved

to hear your mom pulled through and I hope for your sake as well as her's that she is doing well. This year has not been the best economically for a lot of people. I have personally had the leanest half year since at least seven years or more ago. But fortunately, I have a stretch of work coming up late February that should help me rally financially—at least to get out from under the worst of the debts I have been piling up lately. Please do not misunderstand my words. I am not in need or desirous of sympathy; I feel like a guardian angel or two is always over my shoulder or at least within shouting range! But I offer them as part explanation why the check I am enclosing is only for $20 to help wherever you think it might best be used. I wish it was more, because if for no other use, it would be nice if you could afford some assistance. I have to laugh a little at my own little needs when I asked in my earlier note if you could speed off a letter I sent, so that I might have the fortune of getting into communication with WALTER MITTY before I leave the state for a few months. Did you see the movie, *Grand Canyon*? There is a wonderful contrast of worlds: a girl who is obsessed with her love (infatuation) with her married boss, versus the world of a black teen struggling to keep out of the grips of gangs and death. Things are so relative! When I read a couple of letters from older folks who were thinking their social lives were nearing an end (and I am not talking that old! One was 50s, another 60s), it shocked me! I was reminded that I had read before in CR about this prejudice against older men and it startles me, since even as I was leaving my teens—years before any intimate experience with a man—I always had fantasized about being with an older man. As I am moving through my thirties, I find that has not changed. An irony was reading a printed letter from WALTER MITTY: "At my age, 63, I thought it was all over when it comes to meeting people." This from the man whose photo nearly knocked me unconscious. I hate to even admit how stunned I was when I saw his photo. I trust you will be kind enough to keep this letter anonymous, as I am a little embarrassed to have been so knocked off my feet by a man I have never met. But if you talk with him, please pay him a compliment from me. The point is, he was thinking things were "over" and when I saw his photo, I was so overwhelmed I was afraid to even try to contact him. Well, I got bold and decided to write. Anyway, it is very important for older people not to underestimate how many younger people there are who really do respect and admire them . . . and relish the idea of close friendships. (Initials Withheld)/Pasadena

WALTER MITTY was among a group of six supporters who helped us get the last issue out, and we had a chance to get to know him. He laughed when we estimated that he would get over a hundred responses. Well, during the first week after the mailing of #47, he received 15 letters (most popular models continue to get mail for at least a year, sometimes two), so we upped the estimate to over 200. Poor baby. And you haven't even seen his awesome artwork and screamingly funny ceramics yet. PHC

I have been a long-time admirer of young men, then CR Issue #47 arrived. One look at CARL and my metamorphosis started. The picture of WALTER MITTY is a heart stopper. The man who walks upright inside of him (his spirit) is without doubt genuine and sincere. The responses to my personal ad were limited to letters of friendship and penpals. I consider a CR network of friends and penpals to be a decisive affirmation that I am not alone in my situation. CR meets the needs of the mature male and their admirers. So please continue the good work. BLUE WOLF WHO DREAMS/Missouri

TELLING IT LIKE IT IS

During a very sad and difficult time when I endured the loss of, and an "outing" by, my long-time love—followed by a nearly fatal auto accident at the hands of a drunk driver shortly after—your publication gave me hope that I may again someday find a senior partner with whom to share my life and my deep and sincere love. My biological family turned its collective back on me at the revelation of my homosexuality, but your magazine has literally saved my life. I never thought I'd be the victim of an "outing," and my life has changed forever. However, I'm an optimist and I'll do okay. Struggling through life in straight society is hard enough without having to deal with narrow-minded people in our own community. I know very well from this side—and am aghast at—the prejudice towards seniors in our country, and particularly within the gay community. This last is an attitude that backlashes on one, such as myself, who greatly admires and respects the elder male. I've always related better to older people than those my own age, and I'm sensitive to senior issues. To mangle metaphors: these silly young queens who look down their noses at older men are rushing pell-mell into old age themselves and shouldn't throw rocks. Now, a bit about me: I'm 5'-11" and stocky at 200 pounds; however, I'm told I'm quite handsome. My father died before my birth, and my mother never remarried. I was raised by women and will always need guidance—I had no grandfathers or brothers, and my uncles weren't around. I can be shy around older men I like; however, I've learned to be outgoing in general. I'm masculine in manner and appearance and considered by those who know me as sensitive and kind-hearted. I'm intelligent, well-spoken, attentive, and very polite. People tend to take to me right away. I'm spiritual and, I hope, wise. However, I can be a real "ditz""—kind of like Lucy Ricardo. I want a strong, attentive, kind, and loving man who can buffer me in my naivete, yet allow me to be my headstrong self. Am I looking for a "Ricky Ricardo" or am I looking for a "Daddy?" *What is a "Daddy?"* I'm getting strong again and want a sensitive man with whom to share my life. My interest seems exclusively in men who are old enough to've fathered me (I'm in my early thirties), and I'm afraid that if I wait years to recover from my injuries and build a new career, I may miss my chance for a life-mate who is active and virile. As sex holds a great deal of personal and spiritual meaning to me, I don't indulge in casual relations. (I'm HIV negative and intend to stay that way.) I need to love the person with whom I share my body. Besides, men don't seem to want to stick to safe sex with me. I'd rather be celibate until I can find a man I feel I can trust; then I'll have wild and abandoned sex with him. The advent of AIDS, the loss of the great love of my live, and my life-threatening auto accident were all things that brought harshly home to me the realization that I need a wealthy man in order to ensure the best chance for a successful long-term relationship. You see, I've determined through experience that a "May/December" union is difficult, at best, unless one or the other is moneyed. I'm just blunt enough to announce the fact, too. Yet, I fear that answering personal ads with complete honesty will give the impression that I'm some sort of hustler—a designation I meticulously avoided in my youth, and I don't want to be labeled that now. Regardless, I don't intend to get dumped again when the man I spend years with begins to go through what I call "retirement angst" and realizes he will soon have less money and won't be able to afford his current lifestyle with a younger companion. I know that even in the best of circumstances (not to mention dealing with disabilities), if the younger man has to stay put and develop a career, the relationship can be greatly strained after the elder's retirement. I intend to stack the deck in my favor and avoid

(continued on page 13)

COACH BIGGS

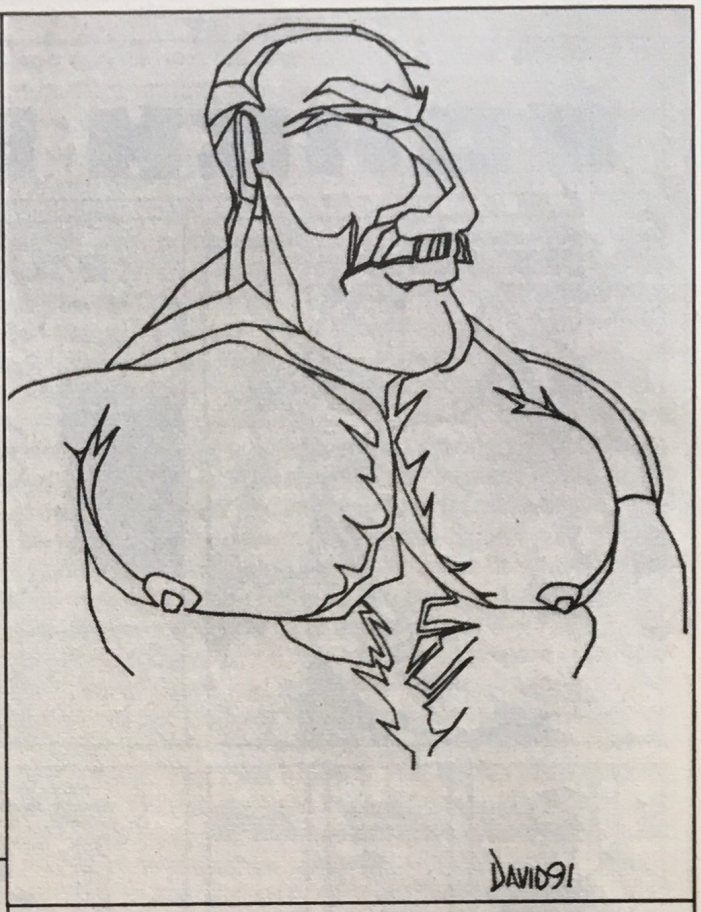
by QUETZAL

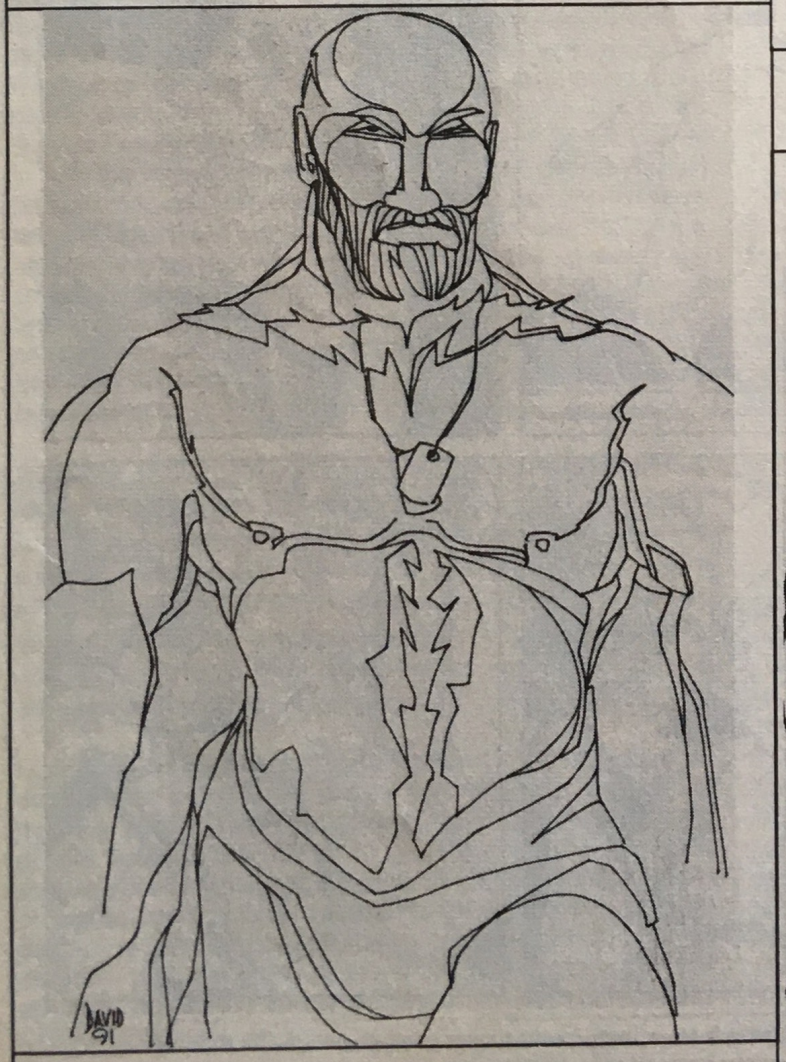
HEY COACH--Y'DON'T HAVE A PROBLEM IF I WORK WITHOUT A SHIRT, DO YA?
HUH? WELL...
NOT REALLY, PETE. WHY WOULD I?
ALL I KNOW IS, I ASKED COACH LONGMAN, & HE SAID THAT HE DIDN'T MIND, BUT THAT I SHOULD CHECK WITH YOU AN' COACH DIXON.
SOCCER
M Tu W
DAMN! YOU KNOW I'M AN EASY-GOIN' GUY!
AND WHAT'S MORE, YOU KNOW THERE'S GUYS WITH NO CLOTHES WHO TRAIPSE IN & OUT OF THESE SHOWERS ALL THE TIME!
HELL, IT AIN'T LIKE I NEVER SEEN A NUDE MAN BEFORE. I BEEN AROUND, Y'KNOW!
OH, I KNOW.
SO... DID YA ASK COACH DIXON?
YEAH, I DID! THAT GUY IS SURE CRAZY.
WHY'S THAT, PETE?
WELL... HE SAID, "SURE, GO AHEAD, WHAT DO I CARE?! TAKE IT ALL OFF!"
HAW! NOTHIN' LIKE A STRAIGHT ANSWER!
© QUETZAL 1991

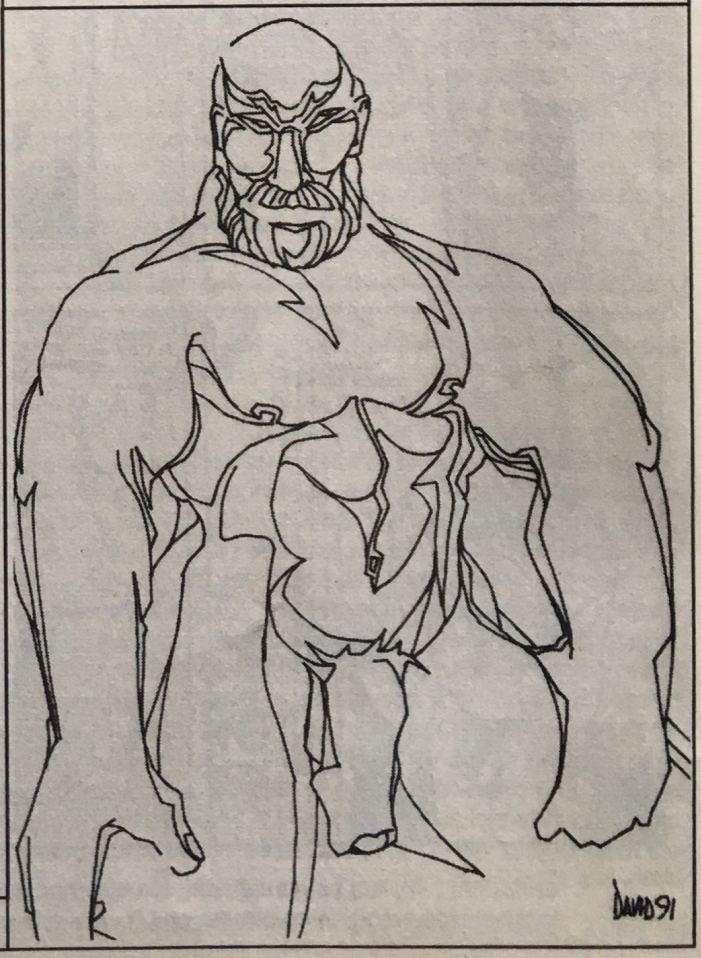
QUETZAL, 40, is a very bright and attractive artist who lives with his senior lover (and previous CR model) in West Hollywood. A cofounder of CR, he's one of our most prolific contributors.

THE ARTWORK OF DAVID

DAVID is 36, single and a native of Houston, Texas. Obviously, he finds older, muscular men interesting. He's looking to give up his 15-year career to do artwork full time.







PALO VERDE PAL a self portrait

PALO VERDE PAL is in his 70s and hails from Arizona. A gracious soul, he invites all to come to his home in the desert for rest and relaxation.

THE ARTWORK OF RAY ROMERO

RAY is a 27-year-old, masculine, bearded, stocky, blue-collar biker who resides in San Francisco.

that particular pitfall. I need a prosperous, fifty-plus man—preferably (but not mandatorily) a full, silver-haired Walt Henry type with a hairy chest and blue or hazel eyes (mine are green) who could be mistaken for my father—a man who wants to, and can afford to, share his golden years with a younger man who loves him. In return, I offer complete monogamy, sincerity, honesty, and a deep devotion to being a strong, supportive, and attentive companion for the rest of his life. I want a "dad I can dad." I'm used to a fine lifestyle of international travel, live theatre and opera—and I want a man who's interested in some of the same things. Are there any affluent and cultured men out there who might take a chance on a husky, compassionate, and spirited man who's had most of his rough edges chipped off and has physical disabilities that don't show? I intend to work, but I'm not sure what my earning capability will be. Any advice as to how I should approach answering ads so as not to mislead or insult people? In closing, even if I don't find a mate networking through CR, I feel I can always look to your publication for sensitive approval of my preferences. Additionally, I know you will continue to provide the highest quality models as well as the finest erotic fiction. I'm very happy that CR is prospering, and I wish you continued success with your fine endeavor. I look forward to the next issue. Thanks for your kindness and full speed ahead. COLORADO HUSKY

CH's letter really touched us with its honesty, which is the ingredient we encourage him to use in answering ads. Granted, there are some who will think of him as a hustler, but we're betting that he will get some serious mail from those who know better. PHC

AND WHAT ARE THINGS LIKE IN JAPAN - PART II

I received issue #47 and enjoyed it very much. Reading the comments that THE TRAVELER had about visiting my country, I wish I could help him to understand the differences in our cultures. It's really difficult to explain such a thing in a letter. My suggestion to anyone who is planning to visit Japan is not to come here if you're looking only for sex. Your desires won't be satisfied. Also you should be well-prepared for the financial situation before you depart. As our trade balance has been bad and is affecting the value of the dollar, Japan is one of the most expensive place to visit in the world—especially for Americans. Unless you have a friend in Japan to give you guidance such as how to spend your time in a reasonable way or where to go and what to do, then you won't be able to have an economical and comfortable time. I've been traveling a lot, too, and I realize Japan isn't the only expensive place in the world. Hawaii, New York and any major city within the U.S. or Europe will cost you just about the same as Tokyo. It all depends upon where you are having functions. Don't misunderstand. We don't dislike foreigners. We love all of you. We have many, many gays who like only foreigners (as I am one of them). I enjoy associating with all gay people, but I only get aroused by white, mature foreigners, and I know there is a whole bunch of us in Japan. We just don't want to come out and say it. You must have someone in Japan to help you. I'm a member of a gay club in Tokyo and I know some of them are looking for mature, foreign men. Just think, if I visit New York without any knowledge of where to go, with no friends in the city, without advance preparation, I'm sure I would have problems finding my way around the city. I'd especially have big trouble finding someone to spend a day or two with. First of all, I don't know where, how, when to start. Principally, it's the same thing everywhere, and it's not only in Japan. Wherever you go in this world, you have to face it. We're all the same and, as I said, many of us are attracted to you. I took a copy of CR to my monthly hiking meeting a couple of months ago. I wish you could have seen their reactions when they saw CR. You wouldn't have believed it. They were looking at those photos with their mouths watering. We all want to have Western friends; we all want to meet you. But think about it . . . HOW? I had a bitter experience in the past. Mainly, it was caused by a language barrier and a misunderstanding caused by our different cultures. Regardless of how much we studied your languages at school and how long we associated with foreigners, we are still Japanese and will still use our traditions. There is a slightly different view on sexual behavior, and that is creating a feeling of anti-foreigner among some of our people, especially among gay bars and gay baths society. Of course, it's also affected by the deadly disease, too. We only have less than 800 AIDS patients (including some who already passed away) and less than 2,000 carriers are registered or tracked by our social welfare association and estimated by the epidemic department in our welfare ministry. [By keeping foreigners out of the baths] they think it's one way to protect themselves from the disease. The facts of the AIDS situation within the U.S., has really scared us a lot. I've been associating with many mature people in the U.S. Now, I'm not trying to find any new friend unless I know if he is negative on the HIV test. It's not worth it to take a chance. I really feel bad that THE TRAVELER said that he will never get back here unless business brings him back. I'm terribly sorry that we made him feel that way. I know there is nothing I can do about it, but at least I can offer him the following invitation: If he would like, I'll be more than happy to show him Japan in an economical way and give him my suggestions on how to spend his time. This is not only for him. I'm extending this offer to anybody who is interested in seeing Japan. At least, I could give you some advice and some useful information and recommendations. F.F./Japan

F.F. writes a very thoughtful and revealing letter, and we appreciate it immensely. We will forward all response mail to him. Granted, Japan seems to have a low HIV infection rate, but can they truly attribute it to sexual isolationism and the banning of foreigners from their bathhouses? Is the figure of 2,000 carriers accurate? How many Japanese are infected but have no idea they are (a valid, scary question being asked in virtually every other country)? I know of no mandatory testing in Japan. Some say that the exclusion of foreigners (even Koreans, Chinese, Thais and other Orientals, too) from bath houses constitutes a form of racism; others consider it a sort of racial "monogamy." I'd venture to say that, with a guide book, I could find safe companionship within hours in most of the major cities of the world—mostly in baths. Not so in Japan. Based on experiences with Japanese subscribers in our home, and in talking to various Japanese nationals living in this country, we have concluded that, like many Americans, quite a few gay Japanese tourists are not so knowledgeable about HIV transmission routes. Worse, many of them have this distorted view that the majority of gays in Western countries are HIV carriers. Even if THE TRAVELER could afford to travel to Japan again, would he have to provide proof of his HIV negative status in order to get an older Japanese man to go to bed with him? We think more dialog is definitely in order here. Readers? PHC

THE POETRY OF BOB FOUR

JOE

He stood in the doorway,
naked,
brown hair curling soft
across his belly,
his eyes open.

I wanted him
inside
my room.

I went to him,
took him in,
touched the warmth of him,
there,
felt him deep within himself,
where he was whole and confident,
held him close to me,
would not let go
of him,
of wanting him,
of me and him,
together,
like this,
upon the floor,
while light came through the open window
and touched us
with its warmth.
Our heat was greater
than Thursday's sun.

He opened up his legs,
and I became lost in him
then found myself in him,
needing this from him
and more.

And he in me,
unspoken.

Oh, those eyes
that tell me everything.
That tell me, yes.
yes, warm.
yes, close.
yes, open.
yes, more.
yes,
Everything.

BOB FOUR is 45 and lives in New England. He likes big-bodied men, adventure, laughter and home cooking.

THE POETRY OF FUZZTONE

IN THE MOST MYSTERIOUS PLACES

When you are gone and life turns long,
I will meet you in the most mysterious places.
The cyclic rhythms of life's adventures
Draw us near and then pull us apart--
Elliptic, in orbit around a common sun,
You and I, companions and friends and nothing more.
I have no regrets of moments with or without you.
Within presence of memories playing in my eyes,
I see that the past is forever and everlasting,
and so far as the future is open to suggestions,
I shall meet you in the most obvious places.

FUZZTONE, an artist and writer of distinction, is a 25-year-old, 5'-10", 270# bearcub with a reddish-brown beard. He's looking for brother and papa bears for warm friendship and affection.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

SPECIAL ISSUES

There seems to be some lingering confusion over our special issues. Several subscribers think that their subscription should include all the special issues as well as the regular ones. We'll therefore explain it once again. **Since many of our readers do not enjoy reading longer fiction, we've always sold the special issues separately to those who specifically wanted them.** Our special issues will now contain only our more provocative color photography and an original novel. Our regular issues will continue to contain essays, articles, short fiction, artwork, photography (black & white and color) and personal ads. Now that our special issues will be distributed by PDC in large quantities, we've decided to lower the cover price to that of our regular issues. We've also created four choices of subscriptions (see order form in back). If your current subscription extends through 10/92 (as indicated on your mailing label), you may upgrade your subscription in order to receive the next two special issues, May 92 (#49) and Nov 92 (#53), automatically. Remit just $10.00 no later than April 15 (and realized a savings of $6.00). If your current subscription extends through 6/92, you may upgrade your subscription to receive the May 92 (#49) special automatically by remitting just $5.00 no later than April 15 (a savings of $3.00). Otherwise, you will have to buy the next special separately at the higher price or renew to an 8 or 4-Issue subscription in order to get them automatically.

CHELSEA WILLIAMS NEEDS MORE MODELS

For all you readers who would like to be featured in CR but can't come up with a good photo, look no further than San Francisco. CHELSEA WILLIAMS, a principal contributor and one of the finest photographers in the world, is now looking for models to photograph for CR. For those who are seriously interested in being immortalized by an honest-to-God world-class photographer, please contact us for more information.

HOMAN MAGAZINE

Many of our readers have asked for more information about HOMAN Magazine after EXOCET's article in Issue #46, so we wrote Kaimei-Kan and asked them to send us information about how Westerners may obtain it. First of all, the magazine is published by KOFU-SHA, P.O. Box 133, Ueno Post Office, Taito-Ku, Tokyo 110-91, JAPAN. We erroneously thought it was published by KAIMEI-KAN since our copies come in the same package as the SAMSON issues. Since we have a reciprocal subscription agreement with SAMSON and HOMAN, we had no idea how much each costs. But now we've found that HOMAN is more expensive than SAMSON (SAMSON went up, too. See their ad) and is published only 3 or 4 times a year. The current issue costs 3,000 Japanese Yen or U.S.$ 23.00, and payment must be in cash only. No checks or money orders will be accepted. Is it worth it? Well, is CHIRON RISING worth 2,000 Yen to our Japanese readers? To hundreds of very happy Japanese men, it is. Our issues weigh about 4 ounces and cost a whopping $3.68 to mail. HOMAN is 8 ounces, 132 pages (32 in full color) and gets a little more hard core than SAMSON. Yes, hard core. None of us (including some of our Japanese national subscribers and friends living in the U.S.) can figure out the reasoning behind the Japanese censorship laws, which do not permit the showing of pubic hair or uncovered genitalia. But a big, fat cock covered by wet cheese cloth is okay, as is a photo of one man burying junior to the hilt inside another man's mouth. No pubic hair? Can't see the cock? It's okay, then. The issue we received in January (#20) features a sweet, adorable-looking little guy (about 70) who has a flaccid penis almost the girth of his wrist. One thing the Japanese can do that we can't is publish photos taken of men on the street or at public functions. They feature a parade of (probably straight) older, heavier men who have no idea where their photos will end up. I think it has something to do with public domain, Japanese style. Can you imagine what we could come up with at Tacopa Hot Springs, California, or Laughlin, Nevada with a telephoto lens?

BLK MAGAZINE

If you haven't seen it yet, check out the new look of *BLK*, the largest and best African-American lesbian and gay newsmagazine in the world. There in all her illustrious, full color glory stands Patti LaBelle with a smile that would melt an iceberg. We commend *BLK*'s editor and publisher, Alan Bell, for the magnificent job he's done over the past three years. Starting out as a thin giveaway (75% of their press run of 36,000 was distributed to organizations and bars), *BLK* is now a 60-page, paid publication, complete with editorial excellence and national distribution. ALL THIS IN JUST OVER THREE YEARS! So what are they planning to do next? They'll start coming out every two weeks instead of monthly. That, dear readers, is called GOING FOR IT.

ABC WESTERN CONFERENCE FOR 1992

Each year a chapter of the Affiliated BigMen's Clubs (ABC) holds a regional conference for heavyset gay men and their admirers. This conference allows heavyset men and their friends from all over the country to converge in one city for a regional meeting and social event. Girth & Mirth of San Diego (GMSD) has been selected to host the annual ABC Western conference for 1992. GMSD has chosen Las Vegas as the site of the conference, attempting to keep costs at a minimum while providing a central and exciting location. There is always something going on in the "24-hour city" and the BIG BOYS from sunny San Diego plan on leading the way. The conference will be held at the resort hotel, Ramada San Remo, 115 East Tropicana Avenue, from May 15th through May 17th, 1992. Cost for the event is $45. Your registration fee includes an active hospitality suite for 3 days with a full bar and a welcome party on Friday night. Also included is a luncheon buffet on Saturday, a continental breakfast on Saturday and Sunday, plus snacks, music, free drawings, souvenirs and "tons" of hot men. Rooms for ABC Convention attendees at the Ramada San Remo are specially priced at $45 per night, single or double occupancy. Attendees are requested to call the hotel direct for their room reservations at 1-800-522-7366. Be sure to tell the reservations clerk that you are with the "ABC Western Conference" to receive this special rate. For more information, or to register for the conference, call Girth & Mirth of San Diego on their 24 hour info-line at (619) 463-6939 or write them at P.O. Box 86822, San Diego, CA 92138-6822.

ABC EAST COAST CONFERENCE FOR 1992

The East Coast BigMen are having their regional conference May 23rd through the 25th (Memorial Day Weekend) at the

Landmark Inn, Routes 73 and 38, in Maple Shade, New Jersey. Registration fee is $90 with checks payable to Philadelphia G & M (the host club), P.O. Box 1381, Marlton, NJ 08053. The registration fee includes a hospitality suite, lunch on Saturday, breakfast and a dinner dance on Sunday, and a brunch buffet on Monday morning. They also offer an optional Atlantic City day trip for $35 extra. The room rate is $50 per night plus tax, and reservations must be made directly with the Landmark Inn by calling (609) 235-6400 or (800) 635-5917.

DEATH: A GAY EXPERIENCE?

Is death, like life, different for gays and lesbians compared to heterosexuals? This is just one of the many questions a new research project hopes to answer. Many people throughout the world have had "near death experiences" including many gays and lesbians. Do these NDEs have anything to teach us about "real death," or possibly even about life itself? Any gay/lesbian, bisexual or transgender persons who have had a NDE are encouraged to take part in the study. Write: NDE Study, P.O. Box 708, Cloudcroft, NM 88317-0708.

INCREDIBLE NEW COURSE OFFERED

Boise State University's College of Technology placed an ad awhile back for its Outreach Programs Fall Class Schedule of 1991. One of the specialized computer courses was called "Managing Your Hard Dick." Okay, so it was a typo. Reminds me of an ad I saw in a Chicago newspaper once. At the end of the ad, it said, "We are an equal opportunity employer, M/F." Then in parentheses, someone added: "M/F. This means motherfucker." Beware of vindictive proof readers.

RESERVATIONS

We've received lots of mail expressing reservations about our new contract with PDC. Please understand that PDC handles the distribution of CR to newsstands and book stores. WE handle the distribution to subscribers and mail order customers. NO ONE HAS ACCESS TO OUR MAILING LISTS EXCEPT THE FRIAR AND ME . . . PERIOD. Others have expressed concern that we will "change" once we get bigger. God, I hope so. With more income we can hire some help and become even better . . . and we won't burn out. We know who got us here, and we intend to be just as loyal to you as you've have been toward us.

HEALTH . . . by P.H. COLLEY

THE FATAL SLEEPING DISORDER

Of all the diseases we've discussed over the past six years, sleep apnea has been the least understood by both patients and doctors. In 1986, I read an obscure article on the disease and realized that I had possibly found the reason for THE FRIAR's sleep problems. He snored terribly and would stop breathing during sleep for up to thirty seconds many times during the night. He had problems staying awake during the day. His energy level was low, and he was suffering from an irregular heartbeat. It got to the point that I couldn't sleep, because I was too preoccupied with the ever-increasing intervals between his breaths. I brought it up to our doctor once, but he passed it off with a wave of the hand like most doctors did in those days. But when I began to suffer the ill-effects of sleep deprivation due to my nightly vigils, I brought it up to the doctor again—this time, much more assertively.

With the doctor's referral, THE FRIAR had a sleep study done and found that his blood oxygen level was dangerously low during the night. His breathing briefly stopped over 100 times during the period of the study, which took seven hours. Later, after he began sleeping with a special breathing machine, his oxygen levels were restored to normal and his daytime drowsiness went away. He had much more energy, and his irregular heartbeat began to improve.

We joyously raved about the procedure in CR, but few people paid much attention at first. Then we noticed that some of our house guests were snoring loudly and holding their breaths. We began to get letters of concern from partners about their mates, who exhibited the same symptoms. That prompted more articles, and now we know of at least 20 of our readers who have been diagnosed with apnea and are now using one of the varieties of machines.

More articles appeared in the medical newsletters and daily newspapers. Was there a possible connection between apnea and crib death in infants? How about a possible connection between apnea and congestive heart failure? Boy, THAT got some attention. How many people have died of congestive heart failure because their doctors didn't know beans about apnea?

One of the house guests who scared us the most with his lapses in breathing is now a good friend who lives in Pennsylvania (yes, he uses the machine now, and his health improved immensely). He sent us an article that gives you some idea how the perception of this disease has changed. The article by Paul Taylor of the *Toronto Globe and Mail* reported on a study to be published in the British scientific journal, *Lancet*. The article will report that Canadian researchers have successfully treated congestive heart failure with a machine known as a C-PAP (continuous positive air pressure) unit, which provides a steady stream of air to a mask worn over the nose (the same machine that THE FRIAR uses).

All eight patients who took part in the study suffered from sleep apnea. The article characterized apnea as "a frightening condition in which the throat shuts during sleep, making it impossible to breathe." Dr. Douglas Bradley, who led the research team said, "Only by waking briefly, hundreds of times a night, could the patients restore the muscle tone in the throat and gulp for air. Their fragmented sleep left them exhausted each morning. But more worrisome was the fact that the struggle to keep breathing put a potentially deadly strain on the heart." Bradley went on to say that congestive heart failure traditionally has been treated with drugs, which are only partly effective and have nasty side effects. In their study, researchers hooked up patients with C-PAP units, and the airflow propped open the upper airways so the patients could breathe without waking. The pump was developed several years ago, but the Canadian researchers are the first to demonstrate that sleep apnea leads to congestive heart failure—and that it can be reversed by the pump. "It's dead simple," Bradley said. The stream of air "increases the pressure in the lungs and reduces the tension on the heart muscle." All the patients in the study were able to breathe normally throughout the night, and their congestive heart failure disappeared. The ability of their hearts to pump blood improved by 12 percent. The patients also stopped snoring—one of the fringe benefits.

By the way, Medicare will pay their usual share for the sleep study and rental of the C-PAP unit if you are diagnosed with the disease.

THE GRAND INQUISITOR

Fiction by D.W. BRECKENRIDGE

"Good evening, Mr. Avery. How nice to meet you. Do please come in," said a very imposing man of about seventy as he ushered Gordon through the magnificent foyer of the old mansion and into a living area just to the left of a long, unlit hallway. "Jeremy is late as usual," he continued, indicating an antique, overstuffed Edwardian chair in which Gordon should be seated. "An unfortunate trait he inherited from his mother."

Sitting uncomfortably in the elegant chair by the fireplace, Gordon endeavored in vain to say something of interest to the impeccably groomed, white-haired man who now looked intently at him.

"Would you care for a drink?" he asked, having at long last ceased his inspection of Gordon. "Or a cigarette?" he continued as he removed a gold-tipped cigarette from a silver case on the coffee table which separated them.

"Uh, yes," Gordon replied, then nervously cleared his throat. "Brandy and water would be fine."

Gordon's hand trembled slightly as Mr. Tennison handed him a drink in an exquisitely cut crystal glass. "You're much older than what I expected, Mr. Avery," he said aloofly as he re-seated himself and sipped lightly from his own cocktail.

Avoiding the eyes which sought his own, Gordon again cleared his throat. "Have you seen *Grand Hotel*, Mr. Tennison? I hear it's wonderful. That's where Jeremy and I are going tonight."

"Jeremy prefers the opera, Mr. Avery. I'm sure he's only going to please you," he said coolly and picked up an intricate embroidery piece on which he had been working before Gordon had arrived.

"Mr. Tennison. It's obvious that you resent my presence," Gordon said, courageously rising to leave. "I think it would be best if I waited for Jeremy in the car."

"Not at all, Mr. Avery," he responded. "Please sit down. Jeremy will be here shortly," he continued almost gamely. "Long ago I accepted Jeremy's sexual preference for men, if that's what concerns you. You certainly are not the first, nor the last, of his friends whom I've had the pleasure to meet. I only wish for Jeremy's satisfaction and pleasure, Mr. Avery," he said and began examining Gordon's features anew.

Unsure of the wisdom of the decision to remain in his presence, Gordon again seated himself and nervously glanced at his watch.

"How old are you, Mr. Avery? Or am I being too indiscreet in asking such an impertinent question?"

"I'm fifty-six."

"Jeremy's mother would have been fifty-six this fall, had she lived."

"I'm sorry," Gordon responded with genuine sympathy. "It must be difficult for you as well as Jeremy."

An almost indecent howl of scorn exploded from his smooth, ivory throat. "You'll have to excuse me, Mr. Avery. Mrs. Tennison was a beast. My only regret is that she didn't die sooner. The one redeeming part of my life with her is the money she left Jeremy and myself." Eying him shrewdly, he continued. "Jeremy is now a very wealthy young man. I'm sure you are aware of his situation."

Clearing his suddenly dry throat, Gordon replied, "Yes. I'm one of your trustees at the bank. That's how Jeremy and I met, as a matter of fact."

"I'm not really interested in how you met Jeremy, Mr. Avery. I am, however, very interested in my son's happiness. Jeremy is a very sensitive young man. I will not see him disappointed in his choice of companions," he said as his cat-like eyes focused on him. "As you may suspect, you're not the first man he has brought home . . ." and after a lingering pause, "and with whom he has become infatuated. However, you are the oldest."

The deep resonating chimes of a grandfather's clock startled Gordon as he attempted to placate his increasing discomfort. "Jeremy and I have become close friends, Mr. Tennison. But I don't think Jeremy and I are likely to . . ."

"To be sure," Mr. Tennison interrupted. "Just what exactly is it you see in a young man more than half your age? I've never quite understood that peculiar aberration, Mr. Avery. What exactly is it you supposedly find of interest in my son?"

Stumbling for words, Gordon replied. "I'm not sure I understand what you're driving at, Mr. Tennison."

"Aren't you now, Mr. Avery? I would have thought a man of your intelligence and obvious experience would know precisely what I'm speaking about. You disappoint me, Mr. Avery."

After lighting another cigarette, he put down his embroidery and walked slowly across the room to an inlaid teak desk. "How much were you expecting, Mr. Avery? Would one hundred be sufficient, or did you have higher expectations?"

"I don't quite know what you mean," Gordon said as the color drained from his face.

"Why Mr. Avery, you actually shock me. Let me make it one hundred fifty, then," he said and quickly wrote a check. "I think this should be sufficient incentive, don't you?" he said as he now stood before Gordon and placed the check in his limp hand.

"Incentive?" Gordon repeated in a bewildering daze.

"Why, yes," he purred.

Slowly becoming mesmerized by the man's hypnotic eyes, Gordon watched in utter disbelief as the man knelt between his legs and unhurriedly unzipped his trousers.

"Jeremy and I are alike in so many ways, Mr. Avery," Mr. Tennison murmured in a deep, breathless voice. "Or didn't Jeremy tell you? Ah, yes. Jeremy has such exquisite taste," he gasped in pleasure as his long, carefully manicured fingers expertly explored the gaping opening. "I think we have, at long last, found a most satisfactory companion," he sighed, then moistened his quivering lips with the tip of his pink tongue. "Older men can be so much more accommodating, don't you agree?"

D.W. BRECKENRIDGE is a 51-year-old professional who lives in the Twin Cities with his lover. He is an active volunteer at Quatrefoil, the Twin Cities Gay & Lesbian Library, is an avid gardener, and loves to travel to warmer climates during the winter.

E X O C E T

A friend showed me a copy of an inter-organization memo which characterizes Pat Colley as "very difficult to work with," or words to that effect. At the time, I was highly miffed at publisher/editor Colley for trashing my last opinion piece and wholeheartedly agreed with the description. Had CR's editor not intervened, my well-researched and documented article would have exposed and delivered a knock-out punch to a man who has been trying to hurt Colley and CR for years. But Colley would only say that the subject of my article had already exposed himself and delivered his own knock-out punch on himself . . . and "Do you have something a little more unique and upbeat?"

Then I discussed the matter with a couple of friends in the "biz" who insisted that Colley is easy—maybe a little bit naive—compared to most other editors. Well, it got me to thinking. Is Colley a "tyrant" or a "gentleman?" Perhaps a little of both? I decided to interview him to find out. After all, it was a unique concept. How many times have you read an interview with an editor in that editor's own magazine? Would Colley have the guts to publish it verbatim? To my astonishment, he agreed, and the following is the result:

EXOCET: So why did you really kill my piece? Did LEGAL EAGLE think it was libelous?

COLLEY: No, as a matter of fact, he said that there was really no basis for a libel suite. Both he and I just thought it best to drop the whole subject. I really don't think our readers give a damn about this guy one way or another. There are too many better things to write about.

EXOCET: But the guy in the scrapped article has been at your throat for over five years. Surely that affects you.

COLLEY: It used to piss me off, but now I don't even pay attention, nor do I bother reading his magazine. I personally don't believe I've ever given anyone a valid reason to hate me—but then some people don't need a valid reason. They develop a grudge over something, and, over the years, it develops into an obsession. Actually, he threw the first "punch" back in 1986, and I retaliated. Of course, he's conveniently forgotten who fired the first shot, so my retaliation and eventual success is the basis for the hatred.

EXOCET: Why do magazine editors in general make so many enemies?

COLLEY: Basically editors make enemies because they *must* put their readers first. You have to say no sometimes. You get a manuscript from an aspiring writer who is in love with his story. His friends all tell him that it is wonderful and that it would be ideal for CR. You gently turn him down because the piece is awful or just isn't right for the magazine, or you send it back for more work, if it has merit. If the writer is new to the game, he will sometimes become resentful. The same holds true for artists. The situation isn't the same for models, because we never turn anyone down based on their looks. We might turn down a photo for technical reasons, but we always ask them to submit a better quality photo.

EXOCET: What about that memo?

COLLEY: I can be difficult to work with. The stress of working long hours, meeting deadlines and getting burned by charletans in the business world can make me rather "pit bullish" at times. My honesty in print gets me into trouble, too, and I've been known to inadvertantly alienate people. I regret it and try to smooth it over, but you can hold out an olive branch only so long.

EXOCET: You quoted *The Advocate*'s editor-in-chief as saying that an editor has to have thick skin. Do you have thick skin?

COLLEY: It's getting thicker. I used to respond in anger to unfairly critical mail, but now I just publish it in most cases. The hate mail, I throw away. Oh, sure, I get hurt when people I respect and trust turn on me, but I can't allow myself the distraction. I have a magazine to get out.

EXOCET: What happened to artists BUCKO, WALT HENRY and CORNELIUS? I heard a rumor that you've alienated *them*.

COLLEY: Not true at all. People just love to start rumors. BUCKO promises more stuff soon, and WALT just sumitted a scorcher. I haven't heard from CORNELIUS, but I've seen his artwork in European magazines. Maybe it's simpler for him to limit his work in Europe. We've got some fine new artists, and RAM will never leave us. We're doing quite well in that corner.

EXOCET: What happened with earlier artists AARON and RADER? They were really great.

COLLEY: AARON just didn't have the time. He's a very dedicated public school teacher. We parted with RADER over a contractual dispute which I won't go into. He was one of the best.

EXOCET: And writer, J.P. WILLIAMS? Haven't seen him around in a while.

COLLEY: (laughs) I rejected one of his pieces like I did yours. He sent me a one-line response, and I haven't heard from him since. He's a good writer, too, and a really great guy. I really miss his barbed wit. You're not going to ask me about every contributor that ever left us, are you?

EXOCET: Okay. Another subject. Why did you guys move out to the desert? I've always wanted to ask that.

COLLEY: It was the only location where we could afford a large combination house/office in fair proximity to Los Angles. After we get up to a press run of over 12,000, we'll be in the market for a warehouse closer in—preferably with a loft overhead, like the one described in my last novel. By that time, we'll have some salaried help.

EXOCET: Then it appears that the contract with PDC really gave you a shot in the arm.

(Continued on page 32)

PETER OF AMSTERDAM

PHOTO BY PAJS

A 55-year-old, 5'-11", 240# German living in Amsterdam, Peter likes to dominate (but gently) younger and slimmer men.

THE BANKER

photo by THE TRAVELER

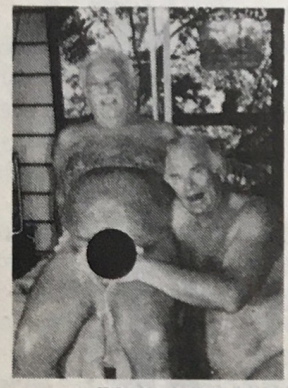
THE BANKER lives in San Francisco, where he has to beat the younger men away with a stick.

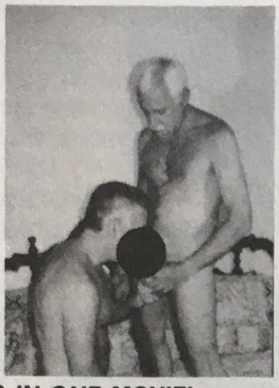
NEW FROM P.R. SIMON PRODUCTIONS

DADDY VIDEO VOL. II

DADDY FOR DESSERT! ONLY **$69.95** + $4.00 S & H

2 FULL HOURS! **HOT OLDER MEN 50++!!**





FOUR HOT SEGMENTS IN ONE MOVIE!

"THE PLUMBER" • "GENERALS & MAJORS"
"DAD'S ORNERY SLAVE" • "DADDY FOR DESSERT"

P.R. SIMON PRODUCTIONS

14421 Sherman Way #86, Van Nuys, CA 91405 • (818) 762-6111

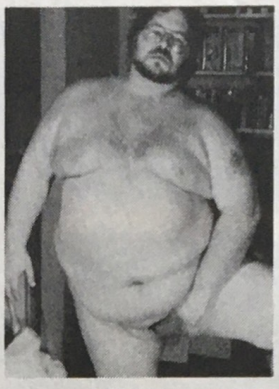
YES! PLEASE SEND ME **DADDY VIDEO VOL. II** IN THE:
☐VHS ☐ BETA ☐ SUPER VHS ($79.95) ☐ VHS PAL ($79.95) Format
I am enclosing $69.95 + $4.00 S&H (Overseas $10.05). CA Res. add 8.25% tax ($5.77)
TO:
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
STATE_____ ZIP_____ COUNTRY_____
SIGNATURE (Must be 21) _____

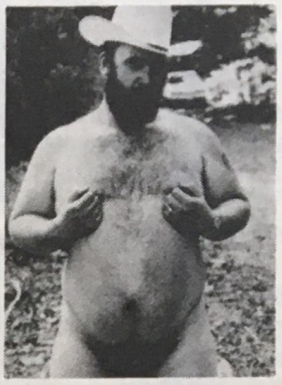
NEW FROM P.R. SIMON PRODUCTIONS

CHUBBY VIDEO VOL. VI

COPS, BIKERS, BEARS & Other Beautiful Creatures! ONLY **$69.95** + $4.00 S&H

2 FULL HOURS! FINALLY BIG BEARS TOGETHER!





FOUR HOT SEGMENTS IN ONE MOVIE!

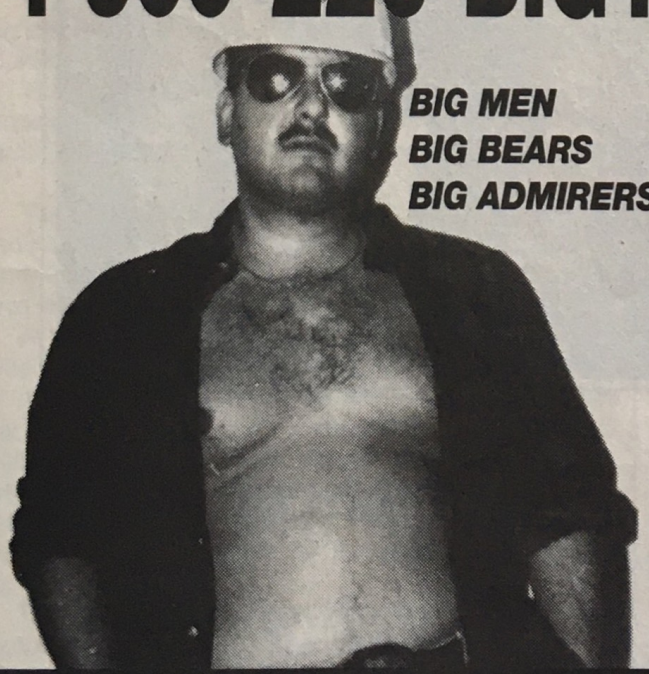
"COP LUV" • "THE EASY, EASY RIDER"
"SAMSON & GOLIATH" • "BEARS IN THE WOODS"

P.R. SIMON PRODUCTIONS

14421 Sherman Way #86, Van Nuys, CA 91405 • (818) 762-6111

YES! PLEASE SEND ME **CHUBBY VIDEO VOL. VI** IN THE:
☐VHS ☐ BETA ☐ SUPER VHS ($79.95) ☐ VHS PAL ($79.95) Format
I am enclosing $69.95 + $4.00 S&H (Overseas $10.05). CA Res. add 8.25% tax ($5.77)
TO:
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
STATE_____ ZIP_____ COUNTRY_____
SIGNATURE (Must be 21) _____

1-900-226-BIG1



BIG MEN
BIG BEARS
BIG ADMIRERS

STARTING FEB, 92 – 24 HOURS A DAY

1-900-226-2441

.95 CENTS PER MINUTE
BILLED TO YOUR TELEPHONE
YOU MUST BE 18 OR OLDER

PRIME TIMERS

An international organization
for older gay men.

PRIME TIMERS now has chapters in Atlanta, Austin, Boston, Dallas/Ft. Worth, Denver, Houston, Jackson (MS), Los Angeles, New York, San Francisco and Vancouver.

International Organizer
and Coordinator:

Woody Baldwin
P.O. Box 436
Manchaca, TX 78652
(512) 282-2861

Affiliates opening up soon in other cities.
Contact Woody Baldwin if you would
like to start a chapter in your city.

CARL

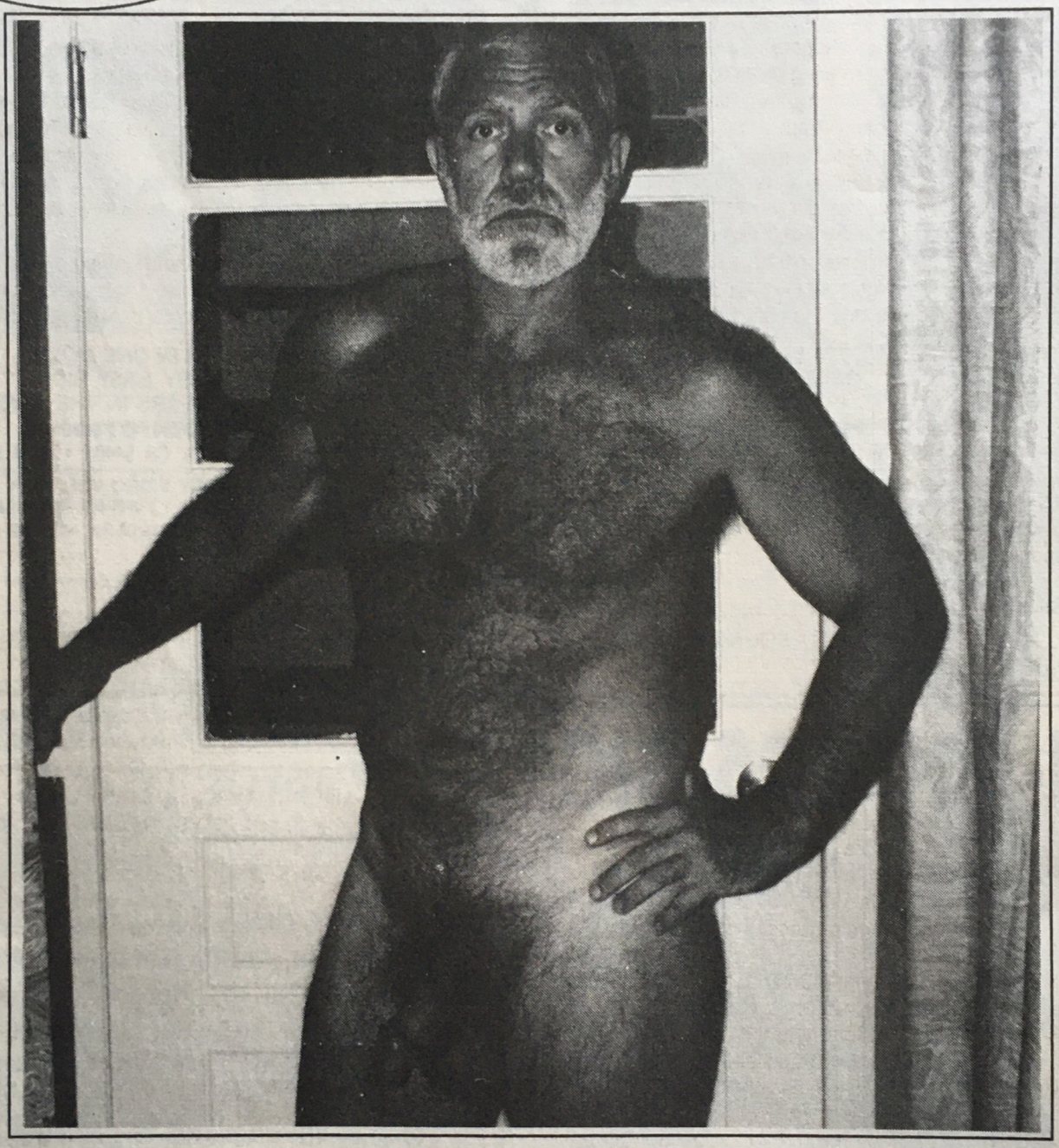


photo by JOEL

CARL is a retired educator and world traveler. He's interested in house renovations, good food, good friends and new acquaintances. God knows, he must have quite a few after his debut appearance in Issue #47. Be patient with a reply from this exquisite model, because we've overpowered him with mail.

DECISION

a true experience by FLORES

I was in my early fifties when erectile problems first appeared. I attributed it to the work pressure of being an upper-middle-management, decision-making professional. I decided it was a condition, even though vexing, that had to be accepted since there was no way I could both drastically change my professional life and fulfill my obligations.

The situation continued to deteriorate over the next three years until "performance" level was below twenty-five percent. Still continuing to blame the job, I found it convenient to excuse my lack of interest to mental exhaustion. The exhaustion was quite true; far too many nights, all I wanted to do was the bare minimum of household tasks and then go to sleep. I had also entered a bloody circle. I was afraid I could not perform, therefore I did not try. And if I could perform, I was afraid to try because I might fail. And since I was afraid of failure, I was afraid to try, then could not perform. Self-perpetuating!

I finally retired and patiently waited a year, hoping against hope that a very relaxed non-pressure environment would be the cure. It was not. It was then that I took the problem most seriously and realized something had to be done. Initially the quest was confined to literature search of respected authoritative medical and lay publications.

Then, the most difficult decision was made: I had to go "public." A close acquaintance—a neighbor at the time—was a head surgical nurse at a moderate size hospital. With considerable embarrassment, I approached him, asking if he could recommend a doctor I could consult. Not raising an eyebrow or showing a smirk, he not only recommended but made the initial appointment with the head urologist at the hospital.

That appointment was also difficult. It was bad enough admitting to someone I knew that I was "no longer a man," but now I had to admit it and also "bare all" to a total stranger.

The first consultation, after admitting the problem, was confined largely to taking my history, lifestyle and type of work. Afterward, I had a very thorough physical and laboratory examination.

The second appointment was much easier. Nothing had appeared from the previous examination to indicate any problems. Apparently I was one of the unfortunate ten percent of the male population in their fifties who had unexplained sexual dysfunction.

At that time there were two corrective measures available: the penile prosthesis and the injection method. The injection method was receiving mixed reviews since it was still relatively new and problems were appearing. The prosthesis approach was preferred even though once done, it was nonreversible . . . and there was a ten-percent chance of rejection. At this point I decided that if I did reject the device and ended up with "nothing," I was no worse off than before, when I had "nothing."

Three types of prostheses were then available. The most complicated, with a ten to fifteen-percent *mechanical failure* rate (as opposed to *rejection* rate) was an internal pump device, and it necessitated entering the lower abdominal cavity. The second was a so-called "hinge," a somewhat flexible segment located at the base of the penis. The third, and simplest, was just two semi-rigid rods. The last two types had rods extending from the glans to well into the buttocks.

I could see no reason to complicate things any more than necessary, so I immediately decided against the "pump." The "hinge" was not appealing; I could envision it bending at the most inopportune moments. So that left the simplest device:the semi-rigid rods. There was also a financial consideration that was not really important. My insurance would cover everything for the simplest, but I would have to pick up the difference in cost for the other two.

After making my decision and having a very thorough discussion with the urologist, an operation appointment three months hence was made. The delay was partly due to operating room bookings—after all, this was elective surgery and partly to provide me ample time for reconsidering (this is my own conjecture). It was a period of pure mental hell for me. I certainly did not relish the operation, and it was a time of fierce self-arguments. No one else could make up my mind for me. One half of me said that I was being a pompous, macho, egotistical bastard who should accept the fact that he was no longer a young stud . . . to grow up, to act his age. The other half said that I liked sex too much not to continue, that I was not that old—and while there could possibly be future problems, there was so much to gain . . . and, frankly, no more to lose since I had already "lost it."

I think that, had the hospital called during this period, saying a further delay was necessary, I would have cancelled due to a "previous commitment." I also knew that if I initiated the cancellation, that probably would have ended any future chance. ("Obviously, you were not sincere since you cancelled.")

Finally the big day arrived. Once I walked into the surgeon's office for the final talk and signed the necessary papers, all my fears, qualms and nervousness vanished. A very cool and collected individual emerged.

Today the penile prosthesis is no longer the preferred treatment. There is the external pump and the preferred injection method. Recently, a new injection medicine and a "rub-on" medication have been announced. I do not know how far these last two have advanced as to acceptance within the medical profession or if there are any side effects.

My own preference is still with prostheses. Spontaneity I feel is extremely important in sexual relations. Somehow to say "Oops, five minutes out while I pump up or take a shot" totally ruins the occasion.

One thing I feel very strongly about is that you must do your homework before the first consultation. It is not that difficult to search through medical publications for the information. Any good library will either have the information on hand or can borrow from a larger library. Believe me, no one gives a damn as to why you are interested. You do not have to announce that you have a "limp dick!"

Being a professional, I always had much more respect for the other person if they showed some knowledge when discussing any problem. They might not be as conversant with the subject as I was, but at least they demonstrated their interest and willingness to learn. Consequently, I did not have to reduce everything to a simplistic monosyllabic level and leave frustrated knowing the other person had learned nothing and would continue

to know nothing.

I feel certain the medical profession would react the same way. I can just see the eyes roll when a patient walks in, drops his trousers, and says, "I can't get my thingee up. What are you going to do about it?" At a minimum, show you have a few operating cells in that other head!

Single, 64, retired and residing in the San Francisco Bay wine country, FLORES, muddles along in horticulture under the surveillance of a one hundred pound puppy and a fifteen pound kitten. Our next issue will feature FLORES' vivid account of the surgical experience and aftermath. Stay tuned for Part Two!

HOW TO SUBMIT MATERIAL FOR PUBLICATION

CHIRON RISING seeks material that appeals to mature men and their admirers, especially those works which hold our seniors in a positive light. Your creations may be humorous, erotic or serious, but must be in one of the following forms:

—Cartoons.

—Short stories. We seek fine fiction that appeals to the mind and spirit as well as the gonads. Manuscripts must be less than 14 double-spaced pages and must be edited and highly polished for consideration. Please, no standard porn.

---True stories, provided very unusual and entertaining. Limited to 2 to 4 double-spaced pages. Names must be fictional.

—Fine original drawings no larger than 8 X 10. Should have artistic merit and must not depict penetration or ejaculation.

—Poetry, highly polished and relevant to our target audience..

—Essays or articles on any subject of interest to our target audience— same as short stories, except limited to 4 or 5 double-spaced pages.

—Photographs (color or black & white)—full portrait, nude or otherwise, undisguised, with good contrast and clarity. No sex shots.

Note: All subjects depicted in print, artwork or photography must be over 18 years of age. Works even hinting of pedophilia will not be considered. All submittals must be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope with adequate postage for return. We will send you a release form if your material is accepted for publication. Payment will be made in copies, subscriptions, special issues or cash, as agreed to.

TIPS ON BECOMING A CHIRON RISING MODEL

If you want to become a CR model, simply send us the best sharply focused, well-contrasted 35 mm color photo of yourself that you can find. Can't find a good photo? Then get the best photographer friend or acquaintance you know to take some shots. If you want us to publish a clothed portrait, go to a professional photographer. Please don't send Polaroids, shots taken in bright sunlight with deep shadows, shots with flash shadows on the wall behind you, or shots with half your head or penis missing. If we accept your photo for publication, we will send you a release form outlining what we will give you in return for publication rights. You can then tell us what code name you'd like to use and write out your biographical sketch for publication. If you want your photo returned, YOU MUST send along a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Some photos might have to be cropped to fit in the allotted space, so please don't send your last print. DO NOT SUBMIT PHOTOS WHICH ARE BEING CONSIDERED FOR PUBLICATION IN OTHER MAGAZINES.

Too shy to become a CR model? Did you know that our models receive 20 times the letters that personal advertisers do?

PROFILES OF COLOR MODELS

FRONT COVER: **KARL** is 54, 190#, stocky, green-eyed, virile, happy, hairy and horny. He's a former major college halfback and a horse and dog lover. This exquisite man travels throughout Central California and can be in either Northern or Southern California in a flash for the right guy. Photographer **CHELSEA WILLIAMS**, who is looking for more models, is among the top professionals in the business and is one of our best supporters.

INSIDE FRONT COVER: **MOUNTAIN MAN** lives in the wilds of Idaho and is as rugged as he looks. Another discovery of our brilliant amateur photographer, **JOEL**, he's married but mobile, if you get our drift. Write him through JOEL, who can also make arrangements for you to meet him.

PAGE 27: **ACE** is 32, 6 feet, 170# and lives in North-eastern Pennsylvania. He is a highly ranked tennis player who also loves golf, basketball, classical music, and hairy-chested, masculine men, 50 plus. **NIGHT PORTER** is 40, 5'-10", 155# and lives in Northern California. He works in the entertainment industry and likes men 50+, grey or greying, 5'-5" to 5'-10", 150-180#. He's looking for a committed, monogamous life mate. **BIG BILL** is 51, 6 feet, 220# and lives in Southern California. He loves traveling, sports, movies. He's uncut and loves to cuddle with good friends. **DICK**, a powerfully built man from the Midwest, enjoys both indoor and outdoor fun. He likes guys ranging from the likes of Bob Hoskins to Aldo Ray and CR's very own RUSSIAN BEAR.

PAGE 28: **INDIANA HOOSIER**, at 49, 5'-9" and 180#, enjoys the company of uncut, white-haired older men. He lives alone and would like a permanent relationship with the right man. **ALAIN** lives in France and loves heavy men over 50. He prefers white hair with a smooth body. Anyone wanting to visit France with fun times and friendship, please drop him a line with your photo. **RICHARD is** a Southern California silver fox who loves to collect and work on fine, old cars. He also loves beefy, mature men. He and his new lover, photographer and model WOTAN enjoy meeting new friends. **TOUGH OLD BIRD** is a senior bodybuilder who lives on a 5-acre spread in Central California. He says he's interested in "S&M, B&D, CBT, TT, CP, as well as gentle loving." Having always been a top, he now wants to occasionally explore the bottom role.

PAGE 29: **JOEL**, recently spoken for by super model THOM, is one sharp, creative young man who will go far in this life. Currently living in Idaho, he and THOM will be living together soon and might explore the possibility of moving to California. He and THOM will have an open relationship, and both look forward to meeting new friends. JOEL is especially looking for more models, preferably mature. **HANSRUDOLF** is a handsome, burly young man who lives with his older life-mate in Switzerland. I swear this guy (who communicates in English pretty well, by the way) knows half of Europe. He and his lover travel extensively and our files are bulging with their postcards. They're always looking forward to meeting new friends and would like to show Americans Switzerland.

(Continued on page 51)

A SIP FROM THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

a true story by K.R.B.

Last summer I took a vacation cruise, my first after my wife died a few years ago. It was to Alaska for a week, beginning and ending in Vancouver, BC. I traveled alone and had a small stateroom to myself. On the first day after I checked into my cabin, the steward on my deck carried my bag in for me and asked if I would like to have him unpack it. I declined and said that I could do it myself. I offered him a tip, but he declined it, saying that such was not necessary and that it was part of his service to me. He was a young Oriental man, about five feet-six, with an oval face and skin the color of old ivory. He was dressed neatly in a dark-blue jacket and white duck pants—as graceful an example of youthful courtesy as you could ever hope to find.

He said simply, "You travel alone. You my daddy. I take care of you, okay?"

I was aware of what a pleasant and helpful young man he was, but I gave no more thought to it at the time.

I went up on deck to watch Vancouver and the mountain skyline fade into twilight as the ship left the harbor center and steamed north through the channel to the sea. After a marvelous dinner and an evening spent getting acquainted with all of the ship's accommodations, I returned to my cabin around 10:30 pm and started my preparations for bed. I was in my boxer shorts and had just finished brushing my teeth when I heard a light knock on my cabin door. Then the door opened and my little steward came in with a wine bottle and two glasses. He was in his off-work fatigues.

"You like nitecap," he said. "I bring wine. We have glass together."

While he uncorked the bottle, I asked him if he did this for all his passengers.

"Only for my daddy," he explained. "I your son, remember? Bottle snitched only for you."

I am a little stupid, but, by then, even I began to get a hint of how the wind was starting to blow. I was still in my shorts, but that was all I had on; a lump began to show in my crotch as he handed me a glass of wine, taking one himself. He stood in front of me, and we clinked glasses and had a sip. Then I motioned to a place beside me. We both put our glasses on the night stand, and he sat down on the bunk next to me. We looked into each other's eyes for a long moment. He smiled. I leaned over and kissed him on the mouth, prompting him to place his arms around me. We kissed again.

He stood up and said, "I get more comfortable." With that, he began unbuttoning his loose blouse, and my shaking hands worked on the buckle of his belt. When his pants dropped, he stepped out of them and stood before me as naked as the day he was born. His body skin was completely hairless, except for a patch under each arm and a jet-black bush around his dick and balls. His chocolate-brown nipples were the only marks on his olive skin. His small, uncut penis was only just beginning to swell and lengthen when I touched it. He went to full erection in only moments as I stroked his cock and fingered his smooth ball sack. It was such a beautiful sight.

He was standing just in front of me, and all I had to do was lean just a little forward. Moving my hands to his firm butt to reel him in, I went down on him in one slow, smooth movement. His cock was probably only about four and a half inches long, but a sweeter morsel I've never had since.

He pulled back and told me to get out of my shorts. As I stood up, he pulled them down, but my stiff prick got hung up in the fly, causing us both to laugh at his efforts to untangle it. Then we lay on the narrow bed, where we were forced to be skin to skin from chin to knee. He warned me to be quiet so that our activities would not be overheard in the next cabin. We played with each other in a crescendo of tactile sensations until both of us had terrific ejaculations. What a night to remember!

Essentially the same thing happened with pleasant variations and creative improvisations for the next six nights. What a vacation it was! During the daytime, I did all the things cruise ships provide for entertainment and was spoiled as if I were royalty. By night, I had my own sweet little Indonesian friend to make me feel like a sultan in a harem.

At the end of the week I felt twenty years younger. I say to you out there: if you think you need youth pills, consider instead going on a cruise alone. It may cost a little more, but it really works . . . and what memories you will have for the rest of your life.

K.R.B. is retired and lives alone in North Carolina. He would be pleased to hear from readers who liked this pleasant little memoir. Write to him at P.O. Box 428, Carrboro, NC 27510.

S A M S O N and H O M A N

Japan's celebrated magazines are now available to the rest of the world. Excellent color photography and artwork for connoisseurs of Japanese men. **SAMSON** (all ages and sizes): In Japanese, 275 pages. Published monthly. For our current issue, send 2,000 Y (Japanese Yen) or U.S. $17. Payment for one issue must be in cash only. For a 6 month subscription (6 issues), send 13,500 Y in bank transfer of money order. For a 12 months subscription (12 issues, plus 1 free), send 24,000 Y in bank transfer or money order. Payee should read KAIMEI-KAN. All prices include air mail postage. Cash should be sent well disguised via registered mail. Send payment, along with name and address to: KAIMEI-KAN, Overseas Division, P.O. Box 66, Ueno Post Office,Taito-ku, Tokyo, JAPAN 110-91. **HOMAN** (older and heavier): In Japanese, 132 pages. Published 3 or 4 times a year and available by single copy only. Send 3,000 Japanese Yen or U.S. $23 (cash only) to: KOFU-SHA, P.O. Box 133, Ueno Post Office, Taito-ku, Tokyo, JAPAN 110-91.

DISTURBING TRENDS

Opinion by THE HERETIC

RECREATIONAL AIDS ACTIVISM

Last issue, I turned your attention to a disturbing trend called RECREATIONAL HOMOSEXUALISM. Now some attention should be given to another disturbing trend. Among the pros there is a trend toward what I might call a "recreational AIDS" type of activism. Sounds horrible, doesn't it? Well it is.

An incident that happened to me this past summer will illustrate: Because of some problems, I don't get out much lately—maybe once every three weeks on a Saturday night to the local bar, and one hour is my limit. So it was there that I met an old acquaintance, who proceeded to show off his new pants that he'd just bought for $40.00. He bought them to go to an AIDS benefit on Sunday.

He started to harangue me to the effect that it was my "duty as a homosexual" to go also. I said that I couldn't. So he ended by saying, "Aw come, it's only a lousy $15 to go." I told him that, just four days before, I had sent my most recent donation of $50.00 to the American Foundation for AIDS Research . . . and felt that was enough. Well! I started to get a sermon to the effect that supporting AMFAR was the wrong approach, that his AIDS benefit shindig would be better and "help guys buy their AZT." I told him that AZT wasn't a prophylaxis or a cure for AIDS, and that he, himself, had just bemoaned that fact minutes before. So I felt research into better treatments was the answer, not playing around with ones that weren't a lot of help.

His sermon continued. Finally I had my fill of this preacher up to the top. So I just said, "I never realized it before, but you're a cheap bum and a phony." He stood there, shocked. Then I really let go and said, "Look, don't bull shit me. Stop playing the fashionable activist, 'cause it doesn't take much to figure out that if you junked the recreational lawn party, saved the $15.00, didn't buy the new $40.00 pants to go to it—then you could just give $55.00 to the organization of *your* choice. And it would help those guys a lot more." He stormed away (dripping his drink all down the new pants), and good riddance to aggressive phonies! And that, folks, is what I mean by "recreational AIDS activism."

And here's a worse example of it: This past labor Day weekend, ActUp was up at Kennebunkport, Maine, to catch the attention of President Bush. Their purpose was to pressure the federal government—which spent $4 billion this year on AIDS—into "doing something about AIDS." A weekend trip to Kennebunkport, as recently advertised in our local gay magazine, costs $269.00 per person, double occupancy. Seems to me that much more could be accomplished by forgetting the "recreational AIDS activism" weekend—and the ActUp exhibitionism. A flat donation of $269.00 to any AIDS organization could accomplish much more. They have a right to spend their money as they choose, but I have a right to call it for what it is, too.

Most importantly, I have the right to spend my bucks as I see fit—100% on the problem and 0% on its recreational aspects. Because activistic self-delusions of grandeur aren't my bag. Furthermore, I don't forget that there are some guys out there coping with serious other problems of their own, who can't really afford to financially support *any* gay cause. So they shouldn't.

Something should be added here about some of the columnists of gay magazines. They seem to believe they're altruistic AIDS activists, just because they devote some of their columns to the subject of AIDS. They neglect to mention that this is their occupation, and that they're getting paid to write those columns. There's no charitable instinct involved. But ask them to write a column unpaid for a totally subscriber-supported magazine like *CR*. I'll bet you'd find none of them aroused. Because they're just "professional homosexuals," not AIDS activists with any voluntarist spirit.

Fact is, except for a lot of emotionalism about AIDS, I haven't learned much about it from columns. I've learned more from brochures put out by AMFAR, the federal government, and other outfits. While the issue of columnists doesn't fall into the "recreational AIDS activism" theme, it certainly needed to be mentioned here as a sub-theme: phoney baloneys.

Everything said so far in this piece has been devoted to the pros: those who are pro-outing and pro-radical activism. But what about the cons: those who are against both practices? They don't need the voyeuristic outing, or the exhibitionism. They lead a balanced life, work, earn their bucks—like the butcher, the baker, and the candle-stick maker. Then they send off a check to an AIDS organization, and so on.

Though not publicly credited, they've done more than the Kennebunkport weekenders previously mentioned. The plain truth is that, when the weekenders get home Sunday night, no additional dollars are in the AIDS cash register. They're in the hands of tour and hotel operators.

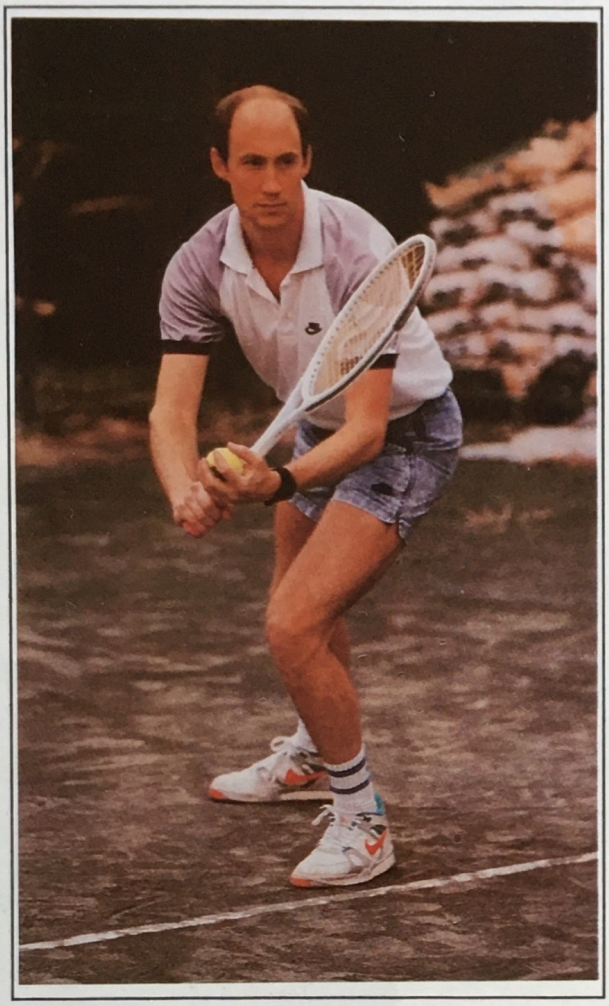
Throughout this dissertation, it may appear that I haven't said much about the cons—those opposed. But I believe that's because they're straight-forward people—not schemers—so there are no intricate schemes to unravel or debunk.

My thesis at the beginning of this commentary was that positions on outing and radical activism represent deeper philosophical differences. They certainly do. And some say these differences have "divided" the homosexual population. But I think they're missing what's happening here. In fact, these issues have finally demonstrated that there never was such a uniform, lock-step entity as a "gay community." The homosexual population contains, and covers, a whole broad spectrum of diverse opinions—and it's a healthy sign.

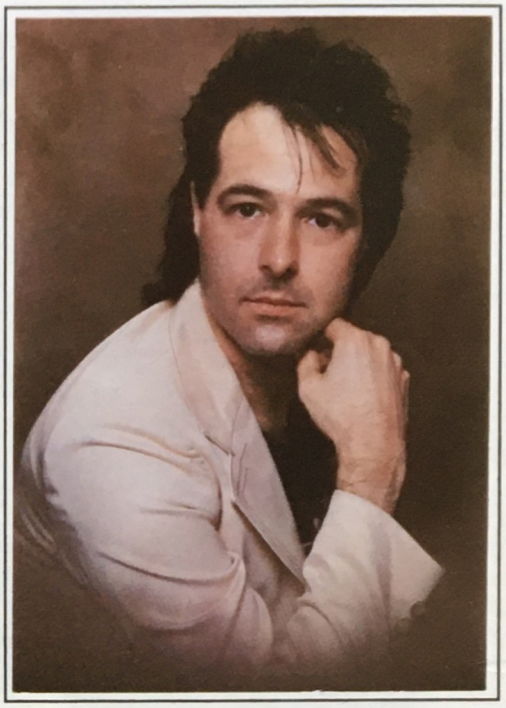
For example: Here in New York we have a whole political spectrum of daily newspapers. They are arguably arranged from let to right, according to their opinions, as follows: *Newsday, N.Y. Times, Daily News, N.Y. Post*. People who are heterosexual choose the newspaper of their choice, because they realize that the only thing they really have in common is their heterosexuality. The same holds true for us as homosexuals. The only thing we truly have in common is our homosexuality. And that says very little about all the other aspects of our lives—which are as diverse as the sands of the sea.

It has always been that way—a whole spectrum of individual philosophies and personalities—but I think many are only recognizing it now. But above all, let's try to recognize the difference between true accomplishment on the one hand—versus "recreational homosexualism" and "recreational AIDS activism" on the other. Because we're playing around with people's lives here—and they're not disposable commodities.

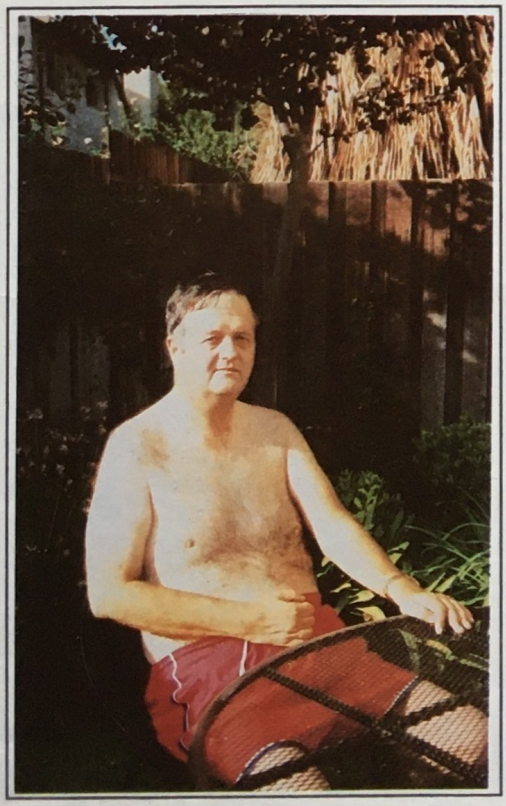
THE HERETIC is a 52-year-old New Yorker. Before becoming disabled (herniated spinal disc), he was regional office manager for a major railway. He's been involved in politics (fully rounded—not single issue) for 30 years. He will be bringing us a series of essays on politics from a fresh, moderate, politically incorrect point of view and welcomes your comments.



ACE . . . photo by DANA



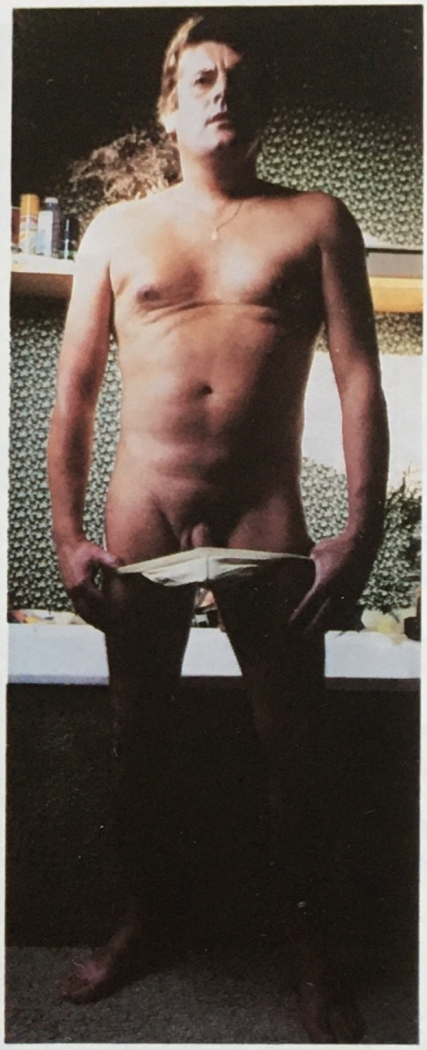
NIGHT PORTER . . . photo by ANON



BIG BILL . . . photo by JOHN

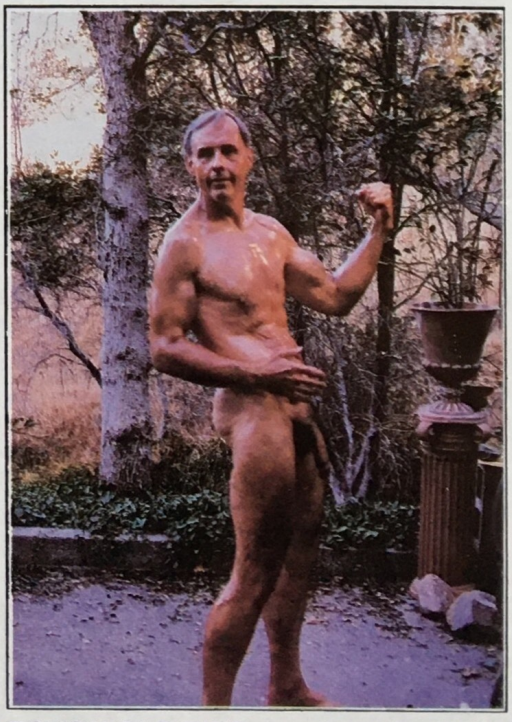
DICK . . . a self portrait

INDIANA HOOSIER . . . photo by R.D.

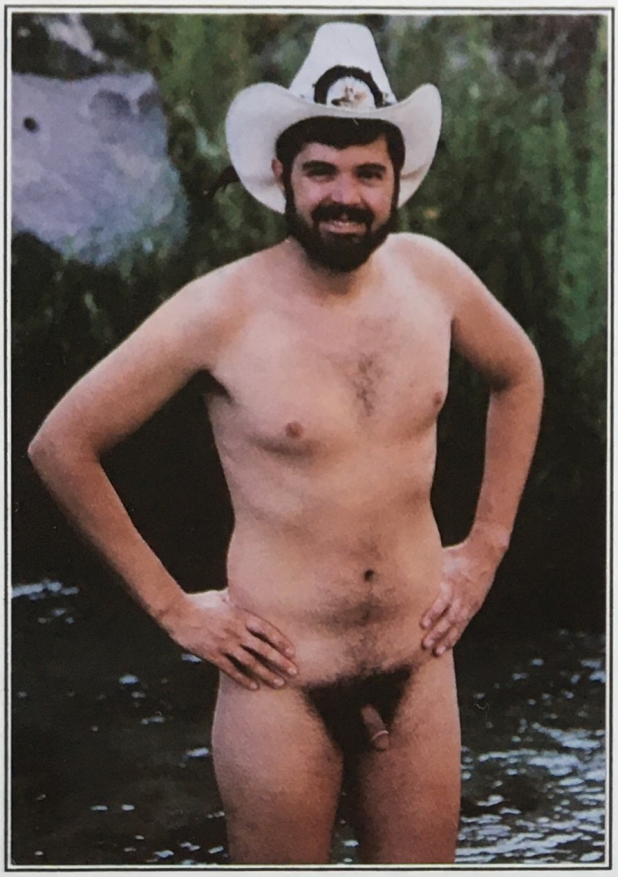


ALAIN . . . a self portrait

RICHARD . . . photo by WOTAN

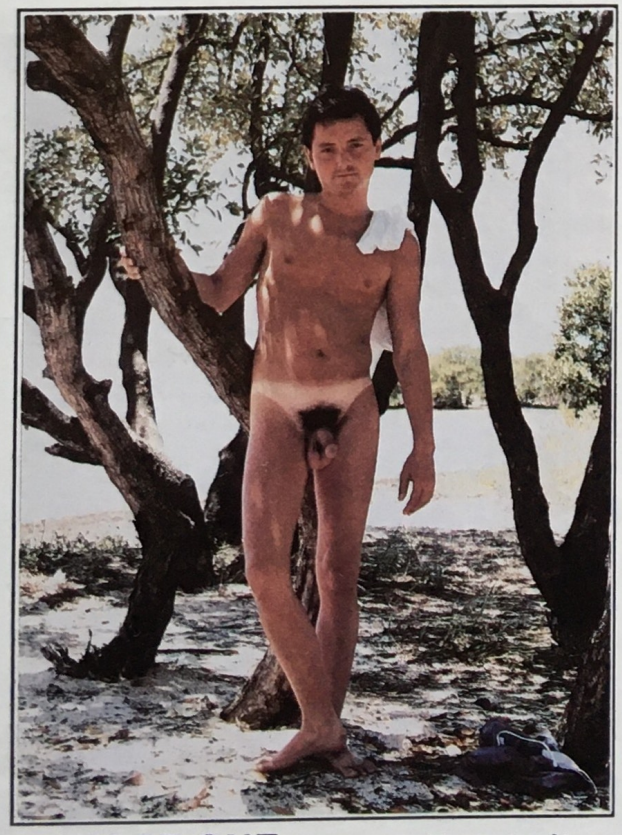


TOUGH OLD BIRD . . . photo by ANON



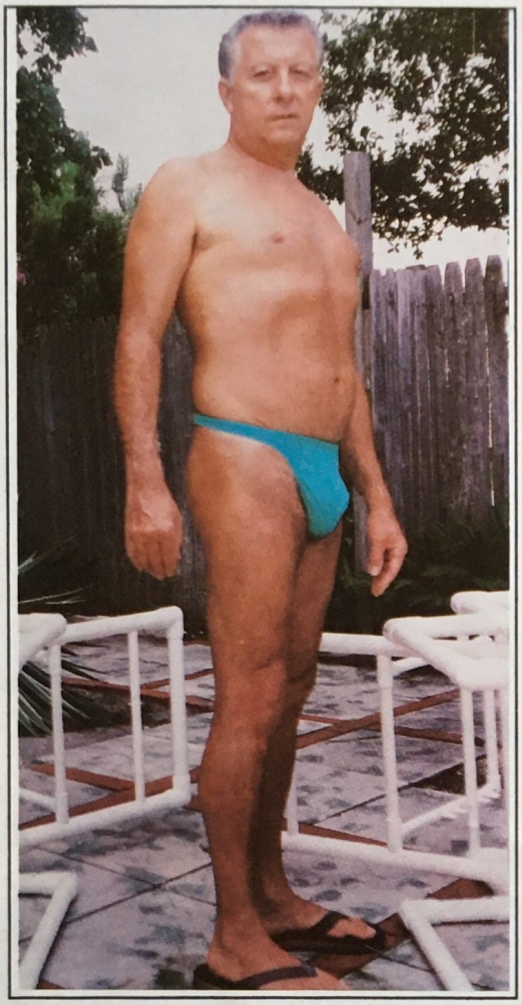
JOEL . . . photo by TRAVIS

HANSRUDOLF
photo by WERNER



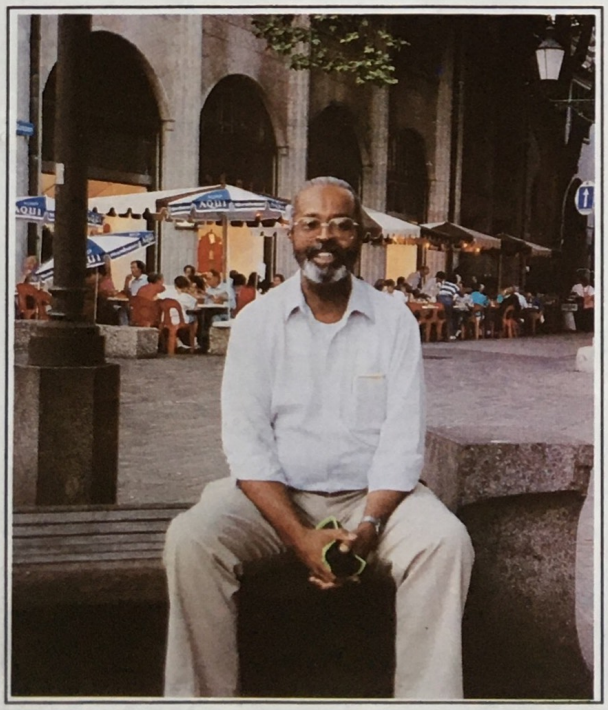
SHORT ONE . . . a self portrait

MARK . . . photo by AMOS HOUCHINS



CAL . . . photo by LAUDERDALE LOONY

JOHN McNEILL . . . photo by C.C.



JACOB . . . photo by LORIS

TASSIE DEVIL . . . a self portrait

COUNTING CHICKENS

fiction by GIRAFFE

Charlotte Hanson bent her tall angular frame over the work table while she packed the fragile Victorian cup and saucer in the tissue-lined box. Across the counter, Mrs. Frieda Munder revolved her plumpness in the confined space of the cluttered shop and wished that she knew of another antique dealer in Des Moines who would find her the pieces she needed for her collection. She suspected that Charlotte habitually overcharged her. She pouted like a spoiled child and remarked, "The ladies at the church are having their fall social next Sunday. It's always very nice—lovely food and all the right folks. Why don't you come just this once?"

Charlotte's pale blue eyes squinted while she clipped the string. "I can't. That old faggot cousin of mine, Merton, is coming for dinner." She immediately gasped at her own candor and tried to laugh it off. "Now don't you tell Merton I said that. It was only a joke. You know that he has dinner with me on the first Sunday of every month."

"Of course I won't tell him." The women exchanged shallow, sweet smiles as Frieda left the shop. Charlotte watched her trot to her car carrying the precious package.

Charlotte would have gone to the church social without Frieda's invitation; there were important wives she would like to know better as customers. But for the past fifteen years she had religiously dedicated the first Sunday of the month to the cultivation of her interests in the family estate. Her first cousin, Merton Hanson, had inherited the big house in Des Moines and the farms and the family money from their Uncle Charles. Merton had gained favor with the ailing old bachelor by living with him and taking care of him during the last difficult years.

After the reading of the will, no direct statements had been made about future legacies, but much had been implied. Charlotte devoted herself to the monthly dinner ritual and fully expected to be next heir. She felt she didn't have much to worry about, even though there were other cousins in Dubuque. She assured herself that Merton would most certainly be taken first, that the perverted, dissolute life he led would hasten the fateful day. She could afford to wait; he was nearing seventy, almost ten years her senior. If it occurred to her that the "old faggot" remark had been a mistake, she dismissed the thought.

When Frieda Munder got home and arranged her new cup and saucer in the china cabinet, she was beset by doubts. She was not convinced that her collectibles were as difficult to obtain as Charlotte had claimed. She would never believe that Charlotte sacrificed the cup out of friendship, that she could sell it to someone else for more money. Not for the first time, Frieda had the sneaking conviction that Charlotte had rooked her.

She touched a plump finger to her pouting lips while she mulled over the remark about Merton. Of course everyone in their set knew, or at least suspected, the truth there. Merton had never married and shared his house with handsome young Billy, a second cousin half his age. Bill was ostensibly the chauffeur and handyman, but it was assumed that he earned his room and board in other ways. No one ever spoke of it openly, because Merton was well connected, well off, and good at his profession; he appraised estates, antique furniture and art objects. Buying his advice had once saved Frieda from an expensive blunder. Her dark eyes narrowed shrewdly when she calculated that it would serve Charlotte right if Merton found out how she talked about him, that she had called him an "old faggot."

However, Frieda kept her word; she didn't tell Merton. She told one of the ladies at the church social on Sunday. She knew the channels of communication in central Iowa and calculated that Merton's circle of discreet male friends would hear the story in about two days. She guessed right. They whispered it to one another at Merton's weekly cocktail party on Tuesday afternoon. They made sure that their host was informed of Charlotte's disparaging remark and covertly watched his reactions.

Merton stood slim and elegant and studied the Oriental carpet for perhaps half a minute. Then, after an impish glance at Billy, he smiled enigmatically. He stroked a slender, manicured hand over a sleek, silver temple and sipped his martini. There was nothing for his friends to do but watch and wait and try to calculate just how deeply Charlotte had stepped in the cow shit.

The gossip through the end of the month was that Merton had seen a travel agent and had made an appointment with his lawyer, but nothing specific was known until after the brisk first Sunday of November when Merton sat down at Charlotte's dining table to baked chicken and parsnips, his favorite. As he shook out his napkin, he remarked, "I had better tell you now, because heaven knows the rumor mill is working overtime . . . . Bill and I are going away for awhile. We'll drive the Mercedes to the West Coast and spend the cold months in Mexico. My housekeeper will look after my place while we're gone."

Charlotte suppressed a little chill. "This is a sudden decision. You've never mentioned it before."

"I've been thinking about it for some time. It took a little while to make arrangements, but now it's all settled."

She cleared her throat. "When will you be leaving?"

"In about three weeks, just after Thanksgiving. We're going to lease a beach house with staff and simply loaf away the time . . . and have all our old friends in California come and visit. We'll be spending Christmas in Mazatlan. Isn't that exciting?"

"Oh, yes," she mumbled, "very exciting."

"I'll miss these little dinners every month, but this will have to be the last one. I mean, until I get back."

Charlotte retained her calm. "I do hope you have a good time. Keep your eye out for some interesting pieces for the shop." She smiled as if she had just made a clever joke.

"Of course, my dear. My taste is much better than yours—in Mexican art." He smiled back at her.

"You'll have to start packing soon."

"Not really. We won't take much. We plan to buy appropriate clothes after we get there. After all, what does Des Moines know about Puerto Vallarta?" They both laughed gently.

"It sounds very expensive."

Merton chewed his parsnip with a philosophical expression. "Yes, I suppose so. But I inherited all that money from dear Uncle Charles years ago, and I just let it lie idle and accumulate dividends. My life style didn't change at all. Now I've decided to enjoy some of it. One last fling as it were."

"Oh, yes. You owe that to yourself." She tried to muster some enthusiasm, but it seemed to her that Merton was already depleting her inheritance enough with his custom-made clothes and foreign cars. "Now all you have to do is pick up and go."

He dabbed at his lips with the napkin. "I have just a couple of last little things to take care of."

One of the last little things that Merton took care of was to explain to his lawyer the changes he wanted in his will and the necessity that it be signed before he left for Mexico. "I want it in a codicil. Billy is now to inherit all the money and the securities and the house—everything that was to go to Charlotte—provided, of course, that he is still in my employ when I pass on. The farms go to the cousins in Dubuque. The other bequests remain the same, except my antique Spode tea service goes to Frieda Munder."

The lawyer rubbed his hands. "We can rewrite the entire will. We don't have to mention Charlotte at all."

"Oh, no," Merton lifted a forefinger. "It must be done in a codicil . . . so Charlotte will know that she was to have been the heir . . . but was cut out."

GIRAFFE is a single, 70-year-old San Francisco bear whose hobbies are writing poetry and fiction. An utterly fascinating man, he uses the terms ***nonconforming, pagan, liberal and ailurophile*** *(lover of cats) to describe himself. Perhaps his following poem will shed further light on this enigmatic writer:*

QUESTION OF NATURE

The Giraffe
will not step down.

You can find him in the zoo
on a stage
merely four feet high.

His own reluctance to descend
that little way
will hold him pent,
aloof, unsocial,
in non-confining space.

The Giraffe
will not be tamed.

In no circus will you see
his aristocratic
horned head
bowing center ring
under the big-top guys.

He never has been trained
to hop through flaming hoops
or draw gilded chariots.

Do you
call me
Giraffe?

(EXOCET - continued from page 18)

COLLEY: It's too early to tell just how much the contract helps us. At the very least, we've tripled in size already, but PDC seems to think that they can quadruple it. We'll have a better handle on it when we get the results of the retail sales figures on this upcoming issue.

EXOCET: How do you old farts do it? How do you get CR out when much smaller magazines have staffs of 5 to 10 people?

COLLEY: Maybe they're exaggerating their staff numbers to make their mastheads look more impressive.

EXOCET: Bull shit. I know guys who work for some of these magazines. You get out 8 issues a year and still have the time to write novels for two of those issues. I know guys who've worked on one novel for 20 years.

COLLEY: The last novel I wrote from scratch was *Barney*, back in 1986. All the others were already in the form of plays, screenplays or unpublishable novels. Granted, I had to completely re-write them, but at least I didn't have to come up with all new plots and characters. Don't forget that I've been an aspiring writer for 23 years, so I have lots of material. I have four more plays to turn into novels, and I'd like to re-edit and re-publish *Barney*, which is my personal favorite.

EXOCET: I read the original *Barney*. You've come a long way as an editor, so I think that redoing it would be a good idea. I think it should be required reading for any gay man over 65.

COLLEY: I hate editing. I'll be so glad when we can hire a good one.

EXOCET: I know your first love, other than THE FRIAR, is writing. Would you ever sell CR and go into writing full time?

COLLEY: Not under the circumstances you might think. We've already been approached by investor groups and two publishers, but we declined to talk to them. In the short run—especially if we quadruple our size and start making money—we'll probably seek some partners and incorporate again. When we know that the magazine will continue in the same tradition under a *real* editor, I'll bow out and pass on the joy stick . . . and THE FRIAR will have to kick his addiction to processing the tons of mail we get. You should see him awaiting the mail with a sharp letter opener in hand. He loves it.

EXOCET: What kind of heir are you looking for?

COLLEY: *Heirs*--a couple of sharp, healthy men who love older men as much as I do. We need a couple of guys who can split up the wearing of the hats of finance, production, editing, circulation, correspondence, art direction and photography. Those two can then hire who they need to pull it off.

EXOCET: Have anyone in mind?

COLLEY: Maybe, but the field is open.

(Continued on page 36)

A SCHOLAR AND A GENTLEMAN

fiction by EUGENE GODILO-GODLEVSKY

Vyal Strindberg's legs shook with panic as he walked up to the counter of the China Star, where the petite, square-jawed, Chinese woman worked. The young woman looked up, startled, bewildered. Vyal trembled as he blurted out, his voice vibrating with emotion, "Will you marry me, Mei Ling?" taking her tiny left hand between his own thin, quivering hands and slipping the diamond ring onto her finger. As he gazed deeply, longingly, vulnerably, into Mei Ling's black eyes, she opened her mouth to answer . . . .

Vyal had not walked up to the counter and had not asked; he had merely formed the words, and the action of his hands was confined to an involuntary gesture at the table where he sat, adjusting his wire-rim glasses and scratching his scruffy, grayish-blond hair, waiting for his roast pork with bean sprouts lunch special. "Mei Ling" was probably not the store owner's name, either, but he thought of her by that name because he didn't have the nerve to ask her what her name was.

He "worshipped" Mei Ling "from afar" with a tender respect that had grown upon him in his middle age and from his observation of her efficiency and grace in running the restaurant, which she did with her younger brother, a plain, innocent-looking boy of about eighteen with boyish, unruly black hair. Mei Ling had occasionally intimidated the boy by ordering him about in her high-pitched, nasal Cantonese.

Her eyes fascinated him; he didn't see them as "inscrutable," but as serene and wise, reflecting maturity and nurture. And yet she could laugh and be funny and flirt sometimes. And it seemed that she liked him, too, for since Vyal had become a regular customer, walking over from the Hilldale School where he taught English, Mei Ling had learned always to put his egg drop soup in a carton to take back with him, and had taken to serving him at the table.

And now that she knew him, she smiled at him and spoke to him sometimes in a childlike voice, put at ease by his timidity and good manners; for she did like him and was impressed by the fact that he was a *sifu*, a teacher. And Vyal believed that he might be in love with Mei Ling, despite the fact that he was twenty-five years older than she--and gay. In his loneliness, intensified by his being closeted, he often contemplated asking her out.

The fantasies always ended unhappily. They would have coffee sometimes, then at other times they would have dinner together and walk under the stars. She would tell him of her rural Chinese background in charming, broken English, and he would tell her how he had gotten his doctorate from Yale, but had always wanted to teach the younger teens, and so had accepted the meager-paying high school job. She would respect his age and wisdom, and they would fall in love. That part was wonderful.

Then came the complications: their families would disapprove—her chauvinistic parents on one hand and his vain children on the other. One family, peasant Chinese, the other, Scandinavian yuppies (and both now, perhaps reluctantly, American). Perhaps the lovers would defy their families and get married anyway. Vyal would have to work very hard to support Mei Ling. He would have to take her into his home, to make love to her, knowing, frightened and depressed, that he would be expected to make babies and support them, too.

Vyal already supported three children, now in their twenties, whom his deceased wife had left him—children who should have been on their own but languished instead in his house, arguing and consuming gallons of ice cream. His children would hate Mei Ling and her children; they would look down on them. The difficult life would grind him down and make him unhappy. Mei Ling would complain that they needed more money, demand that he throw out his children, yell at him.

Eventually, he would be seated on a park bench somewhere, resting on his lunch hour, sick and tired, confused, feeling even older than forty-eight, his head hunched over his knees, his hands dangling limp, not knowing what to do or even if he was in love with his wife any more . . . and he would look up suddenly and find an involuntary smile on his face as a young man would come into his sight, leaning against a tree. He would see that the young man had also looked up, alerted by secret, imperative signals, and was involuntarily smiling at him.

And his heart would pound, his blood would quicken, and he would get up, stagger, and follow the man, tracking him through woods and strange places, as he had done many times with many young men before, until they would find a private spot and, for a brief, dangerous, intense few moments, give each other the life that had been ruthlessly taken from the one and, he liked to think, never yet given the other.

But Vyal shook himself and put these thoughts out of his head now. He was restless, and he "screwed his courage to the sticking point" and vowed to himself to ask Mei Ling her name, and would she like to have a cup of coffee with him sometime? And he became excited and almost high, and was suddenly, acutely aware of the subtle aura of passion, floating and swirling, intoxicating him like a cloud of dope.

He was sipping from his styrofoam cup of Chinese tea when a short, thin, pretty girl came in wearing black, pocketless pants of a fabric that resembled sweat pants but was absolutely skin-tight, showing off the juicy curves of her rump. She wore a red, satin blouse with a tight, black belt, her sleeves turned up to reveal gold bracelets and long, red nails. The girl's lipstick matched her nails, and her black hair cascaded recklessly down her back. Vyal thought she was maybe nineteen and looked Italian.

Shortly thereafter, two young men came in talking to each other. The tall one interested Vyal most; he was handsome and olive-skinned with greasy black hair and a pencil-thin moustache that ended short of the corners of his mouth. He wore baggy jeans so covered with dirt that one could hardly see any blue. He had on black sneakers, a white T-shirt, and a black nylon jacket with "Lover Boy Club" in white letters. A baseball cap sat backwards on his head. The two young men also looked vaguely, erotically Italian.

They looked around and saw him; Vyal eyed them with a sudden, intense longing, but also with suspicion. He knew what they must think of him, but he valued their working-class masculinity more than his own wisdom and intellect. He wished that he were young again like them, and he scrunched his light, gangly

body into his cords, loafers and sweater, intimidated and excited by their meanness.

"Here's your order, sir." Mei Ling had suddenly brought Vyal his food and placed it gently before him, and he was startled to see her warm, familiar smile. As Mei Ling's brother took the order of the young woman at the counter, the two friends spotted her. Suddenly the taller man's brown eyes widened and glowed, and his lips curved into a smile as he murmured to his friend. Then, to Vyal's amazement, the boy emitted a low, deep whistle.

Vyal blushed, shocked at the boy's bad manners; the young woman at the counter must have been aware, but appeared not to notice while Mei Ling calmly and serenely went about her work, minding her own business. Suddenly the boy turned his gaze to look at Vyal, casual, searching, contemptuous. Vyal felt his body stiffen, and a quick, involuntary smirk distorted his face. He winked and laughed out loud, so that everyone could see and hear his half-attempt at comradeship with this superior, healthy, aroused young male.

Quickly, Vyal turned away, indignant, angry at himself, embarrassed; for it seemed to him that Mei Ling had noticed his collusion with the young man's passion, that there was disapproval in her eyes. And, staring at his food, he daydreamed vengefully that he had the tall young man in bed, and was pumping away brutally at the wide, round, red rosette that stretched around his cock, making the young man play with himself and whine and cry out for mercy as Vyal only fucked him harder and faster, punishing him for his insolence. Vyal found himself getting an erection. But then the fantasy evaporated, replaced by the symbolic lyrics of one of Schubert's *lieder: "Roeslein, Roeslein, Roeslein rot, Roeslein auf der heiden."* He shook his head; he was once again only a middle-aged English teacher.

Then he froze as he heard the same low whistle again, and he jerked his head up and stared, stoop-shouldered and open-mouthed, aghast at the presumption of the tall, handsome young man, who stood, thumbs nestled in his belt loops, one hip cocked, wildly eyeing the plump cheeks of the young woman. The two friends glanced again at Vyal—offhandledly, with just a bit of condescension. And once again, lying with his whole body, Vyal laughed a little, and this time whispered in a conspiratorial voice he did not recognize, "Yeah, she's hot all right," averting his eyes so as not to show them his inadequacy. He tried to appear at ease, but secretly he was shaking and embarrassed, and he wondered if this was really his own self acting like this.

Once again the young woman pretended not to notice, and Mei Ling, with the maturity that enabled her to run the place, and for which Vyal so loved her, continued to tend to her own business. But Vyal thought she looked at him with contempt, and he grew anxious, for he didn't understand all that there was between them and all that was happening.

Then the young woman at the counter picked up her order; she turned slowly, faced all the men—even Vyal—with a defiant glare, and coolly and casually walked past them with a gait whose ease was wonderful and incredibly unforced. And both the young men, galvanized, grinned and flexed their chest and arms. They picked up their order, and the tall one turned to his friend. Vyal cringed, expecting that they would laugh at him, but they paid no attention to him. The boy only grunted, "Whatta fox!" then they walked in the direction the girl had taken.

Vyal felt immense relief, but he knew that something had happened, had changed. He finished his roast port with bean sprouts quickly, desperately. He carried the tray to the counter and pulled out his wallet. Mei Ling stood by the cash register, waiting to receive his payment.

He was embarrassed to look at her now and struggled not to, but he couldn't help himself and quickly raised his searching eyes to meet hers. She looked straight ahead, no smile now on her square-jawed face, and her eyes were no longer wise and serene but dull, lifeless . . . inscrutable.

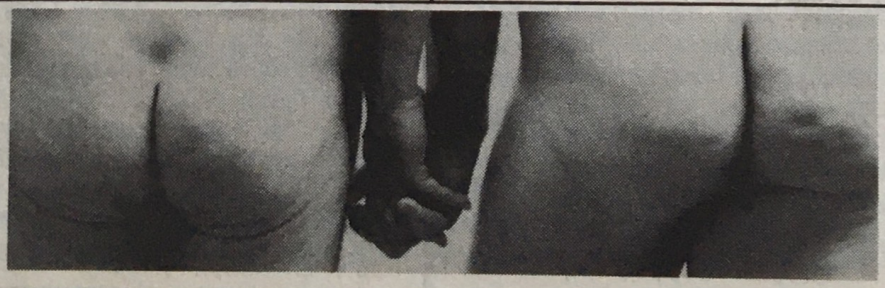
Vyal suddenly hated her violently, and himself more than her. Certainly she had seen his cowardice and knew now that this well-mannered, grayish-blond, slight, middle-aged man in cords, loafers, sweater and glasses, contained the same depths of lust and indecency as the most common working-class bum. He was not the wise teacher to her now; he was only an old lecher. He would never marry her, never sleep with her, never ask her out, never even know her name. How could he ever have thought he loved her, or she him? He sadly paid his bill, disgusted with himself, and turned to go.

At the door, he hesitated. Something made him turn back, and he looked up suddenly, blindly. A smile inadvertently screwed up his mouth at the sight of Mei Ling's younger brother, who had also looked up, alerted by secret, imperative signals, and was involuntarily smiling back at him from his plain, innocent-looking, eighteen-year-old face, peeking from under a head of boyish, unruly black hair.

Their eyes met, and the old truth, apparently reflected in the boy's eyes, flooded Vyal. He felt a displacement in his body, and then he made his way back to the table again and pulled out a pad and pencil. He wrote out his phone number with quivering fingers and approached the counter. With the same panic, confusion and trembling that he had experienced in his fantasy of Mei Ling, Vyal slipped the note into the hand of her brother, at whom he had never bothered to look before. To his surprise and pleasure, the young man snatched it and looked up at him.

Vyal knew now what it was the boy saw: the teacher, the wise old *sifu* from whom he could learn so much, all the secrets of life and of manhood. There was no insolence in this young man, only pride and excitement and admiration and the coy attempt at not being embarrassed. Vyal bowed his head humbly and turned away with moisture in his eyes. He sauntered slowly, meditatively, back to work, and he felt young and given once again the life that had been ruthlessly taken away. He was glad to be a 48-year-old, high school English teacher. He was glad to be himself.

EUGENE GODILO-GODLEVSKY is a 35-year-old first-time author who holds an MA in English from Fordham University and lives in Westchester, New York, where he works as a keyboard specialist.



PARSLEY IN SUNLIGHT
opinion by KENN RICHIE

The political storm season is upon us, so brace yourself for the howling hot air of charges, smears, dirty tricks, mudslinging, scandals, name-calling . . . and bumper stickers. When we reach the polls, they want us convinced that the "other guy" is a threat to society. We're so sure, by then, that they're all such scoundrels that our only real challenge is to try to decide which ones are the least demonic.

Remember when one could actually vote FOR a candidate?

Vote-seeking has become such a high-tech media art that winners are often determined by which candidate managed to hire the slyest, most clever, most indecent, uncaring, greedy and underhanded campaign experts. If we hope to cast our votes with some degree of reason, we must listen carefully. Listen, not just to the candidates themselves, but to the carefully orchestrated, often downright subliminal messages that we will receive from all directions.

Consider your local supermarket. If you are not aware of the myriad psychological tricks and gimmicks used to grab your dollars, you still come home with goodies you didn't really want or need, and you wonder what the hell happened to your food budget! Beyond the obvious ploys of deceptive packaging, bargain sales that aren't bargains at all, shelf space dominated by more costly brands, etc., there are other devices working on your mind and your pocket book from the moment you walk through the door. Try looking at fresh greens in sunlight rather than the special lamps in the produce section, for example. Consider the way that soft music tends to help you relax, so you might stay longer. Notice how the older, familiar melodies can provoke memories. Tests reveal that memories are often associated with food. (The song they played when you had that great date at the seafood restaurant?) Tests also show that if shoppers can be guiled into impulsively adding something to their planned list, they're liable to abandon the list entirely and buy a great deal more than they had intended.

Highly skilled and well-trained experts are paid handsomely by market chains to constantly discover and apply new techniques to part you from your bucks, yet keep you believing that extra jar of pickles was just an impulse.

Do you suppose for a moment that the business of politics does not employ the same talents, or that it displays its parsley in the sunlight--that the precious matter of running our country, our world, depends on propaganda and the latest brainwashing techniques? It can and does if we allow it, if we fail to listen carefully and be aware!

If we care at all, we have a general idea of what is right and wrong, and of what we think would make our lives a little better. From liberal to conservative, we have our individual opinions and philosophies. We hope to find the candidates that best represent our positions. If our minds are to be changed, we want it done by convincing argument, facts and logic, NOT by manipulative high-tech trickery! We need to spot any and every attempt to play on our subconscious feelings and emotions, especially those of prejudice and fear. We not only need to block those forms of persuasion, but voice our objections to their use! If the politicians won't clean the mess of underhanded "hate my opponent" subliminal campaigning, let's not let them track that slung mud filth into office!

It may seem predictable that I'm about to mention the "Willy Horton" television commercial of four years ago. That done, let's look at it for what it was, a "case in point," or only one example of hundreds of such uses of "suggestion" to provoke prejudice in order to turn a redneck voter against the opponent. There have been far more blatant uses of racism, or, indeed, any available prejudice, in other commercials and other races. No "side" or political position is guiltless of the tactic, in one form or another. Racism is not the only cesspool the politicos regard as "buried treasure."

Hitler certainly knew the value of prejudice politics, and so should we. The important thing to be said of the Horton commercial is that it was spotted for what it was and exposed. The Jesse Helms re-election blurbs were also duly noted, and the campaign of David Duke was too blatant to overlook! I hope my African-American friends will forgive my suspicion that they've become a bit worn out, used up and passé by now! Those experts are, no doubt, searching for newer and fresher targets!

Propaganda and suggestion has been bombarding us for months with "effectiveness studies" to search out the darker corners of the minds of a majority of voters. Most of us are not even AWARE of such efforts; that's the whole idea of it! One must pause, listen carefully, and consider what groups of "them" seem to be getting out of line or going too far or posing a real problem. Question, then, if we might have been played like Pavlov's dogs to develop those awarenesses! Prejudice isn't natural or instinctive . . . it's taught. The art of subliminal education is practiced on us every day! Japanese businessmen? The homeless? Television ministers? Welfare poor? Have you heard many kind or compassionate things said of such "thems" lately?

Clearly in line to be targeted are gays. Throughout the years we have seen increases in anti-gay efforts during election years. Sweeps and vice raids were always more common during campaigns. Now, however, gays have become far more visible. Media communications have taken "gay life" out of the few bigger cities and spread it across the country. The old prejudices and fears are there to be fanned and fueled. While gays are proud of numbering ten percent, a politician sees only the "buried treasure" of ninety percent potential of latent homophobics!

If hate and fear can be manipulated to overpower the intelligence and reason of enough voters, an election can be swayed.

An openly anti-gay position, however, is far too risky. There is that ten percent to be considered, after all, and it remains that most people are decent and fair enough to reject such blatant discrimination. The tactic, then, is to play on the subconscious prejudice by suggesting that the opponent is on the side of "them," or being controlled by "them," or otherwise out to put "them" in a place where they will do great mischief.

Ugly as it is, we ARE going to see this tactic used, perhaps on national levels, but surely in many area contests. We must watch and listen carefully, not just to the speeches, but to the

background music. When we spot it being used, we need to cry, "Foul!" Let this be the election year that we demand our right to vote FOR, and make it clear that we reject negative trickery.

Show us the parsley in the sunlight.

For those of you who've just joined us, KENN RICHIE has been with us since year one, spoiling us with crack opinion pieces and literary erotica. A cofounder and principal contributor, KENN is our most effective cheerleader and is constantly working behind the scenes to help spread the word about us. Under another name (his real one) he was an award-winning playwright, and many of his screenplays were brought to the silver screen. KENN lives in Los Angeles with his cats. Denying himself few luxuries, he's been known to take in and feed the destitute, the homeless and the seriously ill. The man is a very talented saint.

(EXOCET - Continued from page 32)

EXOCET: Is it true that CR is the only magazine that offers free subscription renewals to those who can't afford the cost?

COLLEY: I'm not sure. But in any event, don't give us all the credit. A whole bunch of very generous subscribers paid for gift subscriptions . . . and we still have a surplus. Not all of them have been claimed. Some guys are just too proud to come forward.

EXOCET: Did you read what *Factsheet Five* recently said about CR? They said that CR was "a caring vehicle for information and networking for a minority often ignored by the mainstream gay press." Do you think that you've made an impact on the "mainstream gay press?"

COLLEY: Not really. It's pathetic that a straight magazine like *Factsheet Five* seems to be the only publication able to fathom what we're all about. Those thirty or so gay publications which have mentioned us over the years usually do so with a little mirth and derision thrown in. They think that liking older or heavier men constitutes a fetish—like getting off on the taste of piss or the odor of fermented jock straps.

EXOCET: I think I hit a nerve. About face. By the way, thanks for letting me read your latest novel. I must say that it's unlike anything I've ever read. You've never published one in first person before and I was surprised that you would limit yourself to just the point of view of the leading character. But you really pull it off well. I get the feeling that part of the story is based on your years of living in New York, circa 1968. How much of it is true?

COLLEY: Well, I've never killed anyone, nor have I fallen in love with a Mafia underboss' brother. That part is pure fiction. I did experiment with drugs then, however. Where I worked, everyone under 30 did grass, hashish and speed. It was part of this rebellion thing, the anti-war movement and all. On the other hand, a lot of co-workers over 30 drank their lunches every day. Everyone smoked cigarettes. Sex was everywhere. Today, I'm a recovering alcoholic and sex addict who doesn't smoke. Pat yourself on the back, Patty Cake, then tell the folks the down side: I'm hooked on tranquillizers and THE FRIAR has to remind me that I have a dick once-in-a-while.

EXOCET: Your chapter taking place in Belleview's psychiatric ward was chillingly realistic. Were you ever there?

COLLEY: No, but I was a patient in a psychiatric ward for seven days once, and it made quite a profound impression on me.

EXOCET: I especially liked the part about the "honeymoon" trip to Provincetown. I was there in the sixties, too, and it was completely different then. You've captured that so beautifully in spite of the hellish, traumatic events that take place in your novel.

COLLEY: The first time I visited Provincetown was in 1967, then I went back again in 1970. Oddly, both trips were supposed to be "honeymoons," but I got dumped both times. This last visit in '91 was most enjoyable . . . and THE FRIAR didn't dump me either.

EXOCET: And speaking of Provincetown . . . . I know, off-limits, but this is different. You seem to really think the world of John McNeill and Charlie Chiarelli. Didn't I hear somewhere that you and THE FRIAR are agnostics? Why would you become good friends with a couple of devout Catholics?

COLLEY: You might call us agnostics, although both of us believe in a supreme being. We have our own private religion. We love John and Charlie because they are wonderful men who have helped so many people. We discuss religion, philosophy, politics and all sorts of things with them. The chemistry is perfect.

EXOCET: Do you ever worry about burnout?

COLLEY: Not as long as I can take my tranquillizers to get me through my twelve to fourteen-hour days. And certainly not as long as I have Sweety to sleep with.

EXOCET: Sweety?

COLLEY: (laughs) THE FRIAR. I call him "Sweety." The dogs know him as "Daddy."

EXOCET: And what do they know you as?

COLLEY: (with a straight face) "Papa-san."

CR's editor has a little bit of vigilant "pit bull" in him, but mostly he's a pussy cat. I've never met a man more dedicated to older men and their fans, and God, does he adore his "Sweety" and those two remarkable dogs, Sammi and Zelda (THE FRIAR named them, Colley is quick to point out). Is he hard to work with? Not any more than any other editor. He knows what's best for CR and won't hesitate to turn down that which doesn't meet his standards . . . which seem to be going up a bit each issue. I'm still sore at him for killing my first attempt at investigative journalism, but I'll get over it.

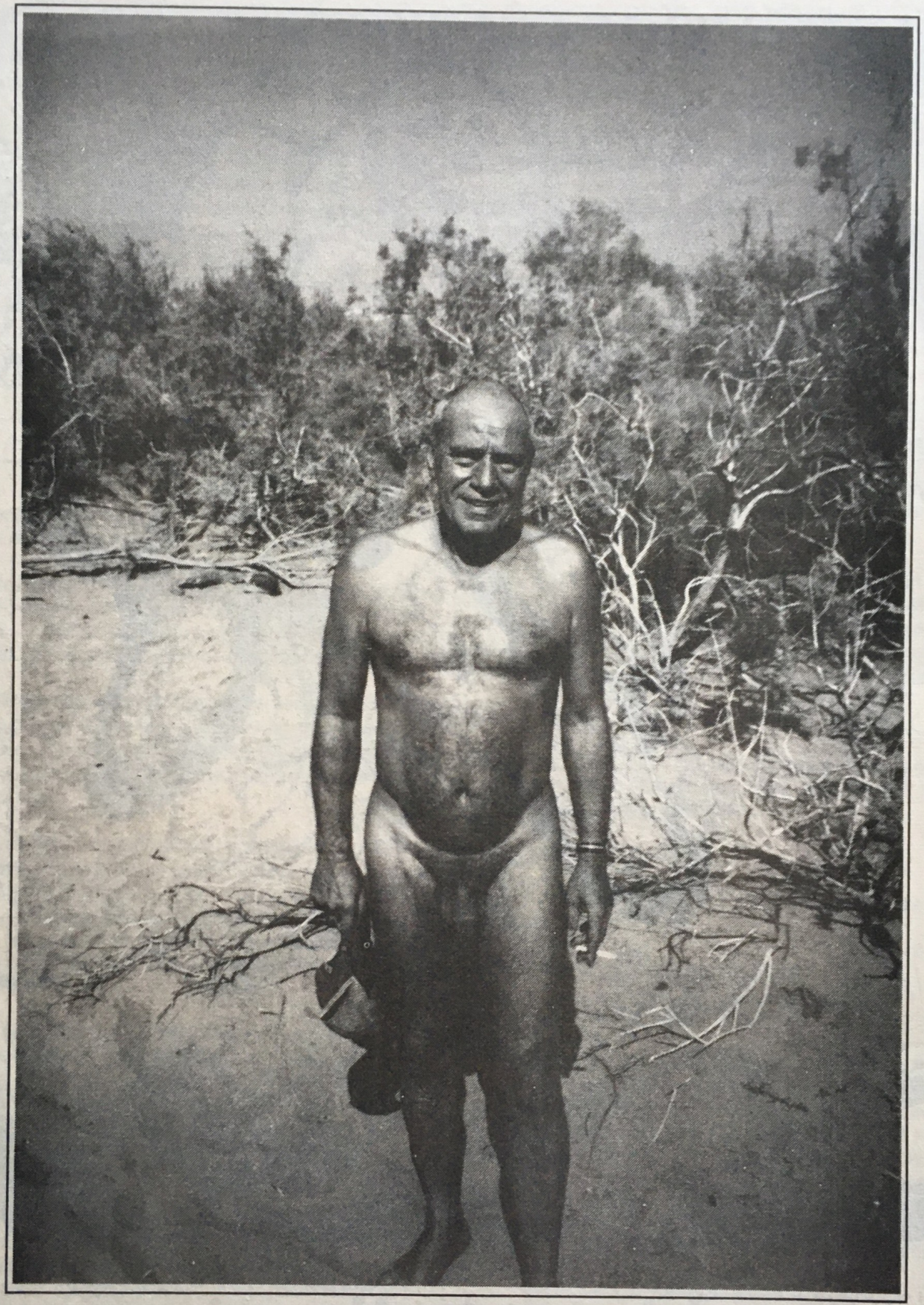
I know Pat and THE FRIAR a lot better now, and I hope you do, too.

EXOCET is a retired U.S. Navy captain who lives in Newport Beach, California.

OCTOPUS ZEUS
WITH FRIEND

Very few humans are privileged with more than heady experience of having eight multi-munchy tentacles wrapped about them in every which possible way. Here we have Basil occupied in just such octopod pleasure and succor. But there were downside effects later: after this pan-ultimate go with Zeus/Octopus, he no longer has traffic with fellow humans but can be found with his nose against the glass, listlessly haunting the oceanic aquarium at La Jolla.

KEMUSH is in his early sixties and has a house/soul mate of 26 years. KEMUSH and Bill avidly collect Southwest Indian art and paint sundry male nudes. KEMUSH insists that these Ovidian legends are from secret Vatican Archives and give the complete picture of Zeus/Jupiter's love bouts with men--not just women--while in various shapes and forms. This is Classic Mythology Revisited.



JAY-BE . . . photo by BART

This 62-year-old Spanish/Canadian retiree enjoys sports, music, good food and the outdoors. He's single, prefers his own age group (45 and up), and is lucky enough to be able to live on one of the most beautiful islands in the world: Grand Canary.

THE ARTWORK OF RAM

THE CHIEF CHOSE *YOU* TO SMOKE ON HIS PIPE.

RAM hardly needs an introduction if you've followed our magazine for awhile. He has few peers, as you can probably surmise. This magnificent artist lives with his partner in Illinois and Florida. He loves to garden and paint.

COMING ON MAY 1, 1992

Yet another special issue presenting models THOM, MOUNTAIN MAN, THE NUDIST, OUTBACK JACK, RAY W., BILL OF WALES, RAY T., TUCK, BAREKAT, ARNIE, JOHN OF AUSTRALIA, GARY, J.J. II, BIG "D" and JACK—all nude, all hot . . . and all in living color! Also features P.H. Colley's seventh novel, *KNOWING SATURN*. And what are they saying about this one?

"Against the background of mysticism and Mafia machinations, the wizard, P.H. Colley, has spun a brilliant plot, full of mind-twisting surprises and suspense-filled complications. In addition to being a sinister, psychological thriller, *KNOWING SATURN* is also a love story with all the stops pulled. Colley describes the love scenes in his usual, sublime way: not all is told—the reader's own imagination is encouraged, and he is invited to participate." THE VIKING/New York.

"Beware of this one. I found myself actually becoming Pring, the novel's Amerasian narrator and central character. What he sees and knows is the only thing we see and know. We can't look over the horizon and warn him of what's coming. We find ourselves in New York in 1968. We're heartbroken over the death of a father that was much more than just a father. And just when we thought that life was about to pass us by, we run into Mario, the embodiment of our ultimate dreams—deliverance in the form of a greying, bearish ex-marine with a Mafia brother. This one has love scenes so uniquely written that they are actually void of gay porn clichés. They're more poetry than prose. We're reading class here, fellas. Then out from the shadows comes the ruthless truth, and there's only one way out: to be *more* ruthless. A walk on the wild side . . . white knuckle city until the last page." EXOCET/Newport Beach

"Many good writers will create characters of their own race and sex (and sometimes, professions) , but a great writer has the balls to swim in the uncharted waters of the melting pot, ultimately surfacing inside the body of a character so vivid, unique and compelling--so unlike himself-- that we are thunderstruck and hooked. We find ourselves at the mercy of the writer. I was astonished at how Colley drew Alvaro, the Puerto Rican junkie/ hustler in *MOONFINCH*. I was touched by *ZONES*' Santoro, a minor yet pivotal character who just happened to be an African-American lesbian. In *KNOWING SATURN*, Colley paints a brilliant portrait of a young Amerasian—Pring—who will haunt me for years to come. In so many ways I identify with Pring because, like him, I was a young man in the "anything goes" New York of the late sixties, and I'm of Venezuelan/Japanese ancestry. *KNOWING SATURN*, in spite of its mysticism, eroticism, depravity and intense violence, is one of the most moving and intense love stories I've ever read." OCHO/Chicago

AN EXCERPT FROM *KNOWING SATURN*,
a novel by P.H. Colley

I sipped my drink and wondered what it would be like, having a life-mate and a group of close friends. I imagined throwing intimate dinner parties and having Cognac around a cozy fire inside a nice house in the suburbs. I envisioned a couple of golden retrievers and a cat, maybe an aquarium filled with tropical fish. I thought of Kim and Frank and felt myself grieving over the fact that I would never get to know them.

A sea gull glided down onto Kim and Frank's terrace railing and watched me warily.

"Hello," I greeted.

"Hi, fool," I spoke for the sea gull.

"Catch a lot of action on these terraces?" I asked, watching the gull inch closer until it had reached the corner. It peered into our terrace for food, never losing track of me. "Have you ever been in love?"

The sea gull responded by expelling an ugly blob of white and brown bird shit on the railing.

"Bitter, aren't we?"

A breeze came in from the bay, and the gull flew away. I became entranced with staring at the other birds and the bay and lost track of time.

A stronger breeze lifted me from my reverie, and I noticed that Mario was standing nude at the terrace entrance. The drapes billowed into him, creating a veiled, sultry image. He took a step forward, exposing his soft tan eyes and parted, moist lips.

I slowly went to him and lightly touched his chest through the drapes. He gasped for air at my touch. I parted the drapes and we stood face-to-face, my fingers slowly rolling his nipples. I licked his chin and let my tongue glide down his throat, around his bull neck, then back to his chin. As my fingertips traced the outline of his torso, he began to tremble. Leisurely, I circled behind him and breathed hot air into the hair on the back of his head, then continued downward with my tongue, under each shoulder blade, down his spine, into his crevice, around his sphincter, down and up one leg and down the other. Gently, he pulled me up and led me into the bedroom.

As I lay on my back, he hovered over me, trembling so hard that his teeth clattered slightly. He kissed me lightly on my forehead, nose, each eye and chin. His tongue spiraled around my open mouth as he embraced me. Then we were on our sides, and he feasted upon my mouth, kissing me deeply as never before. He began to faintly moan with a timbre which seemed to vibrate and electrify my entire body. I was being played like a musical instrument, and we became lost in a massive Wagnerian crescendo. Our bodies seemed to condense down to a common mass of flesh, as if we had briefly become a single cell. Separating into two forms again, we began the mutual assault on breasts, progressing to navels, then cocks, until the crescendo reached its pinnacle and we climaxed together, our cries silenced within a labyrinth of sinus cavities.

If your current subscription is good through October of this year, you may send us $10 before April 15th, and we will upgrade your subscription to include the next two special issues: #49, May 92; #53, November 92 (a savings of $6). If your current subscription is good through June of this year, you may send us $5 before April 15th, and we will upgrade your subscription to include the next special issue: #49 May 92 (a savings of $3). If you choose to purchase the special issues separately as they are published, they will cost you $8 ($5.95 plus $2.05 postage and handling) each. After April 15th, you must renew to a new, expanded subscription in order to receive the special issues at a reduced subscriber rate.

Don't delay! Take advantage of this offer today and save money!

IMPORTANT . . . PLEASE READ THIS

1. COMMERCIAL USE OF THE PERSONAL AD SECTION: The express purpose of our personal ads is to aid our readers in finding friends and mates. Any ads of a commercial nature are not allowed in the personal ad section. In addition, readers responding to personal ads may not use such opportunity to distribute commercial materials. We reserve the right to deny advertising, forwarding and subscription privileges to any person found distributing commercial fliers or brochures to our personal advertisers. We urge all advertisers who have received such materials to forward them to us for further action.

2. ADVERTISER'S RESPONSIBILITY: Advertisers are urged to answer all mail received, provided the responder is generally the type of person targeted in the ad. Failure to do so aids in tarnishing CR's reputation. Consequently, we will deny advertising and forwarding privileges to flagrant, repeat offenders. If your responder has sent you photos, you must reply or at least return the photos if requested. Failure to do so will result in your being denied advertising, forwarding and subscription privileges.

3. PUBLISHER'S LIMITATION OF RESPONSIBILITY: We take no responsibility for any undesirable relationship or incident resulting from the use of our personals ads. Although we monitor all ads and refuse to publish any ad which implies fraud or peril, we cannot know the ulterior motives of our advertisers. Therefore, please be warned that very unsavory people have been known to use publications to victimize readers and advertisers. Seemingly innocent ads designed to lure as many readers as possible into a criminal scam or government sting operation are sometimes placed in gay magazines. These people also respond to the ads of others with the same come-on. We therefore urge our readers to use this personal ad section with the utmost caution and common sense. Be skeptical during initial contact and immediately cut off communication at the first mention of money or ANY commercial offer. Discreetly answering a "loaded" ad will not get you in trouble; it's the subsequent communication and your falling for their bull shit which will get you in hot water. Use the CR ads wisely and you can meet hundreds of wonderful people.

4. AGE REQUIREMENT: All responders and advertisers must be 18 or over. The exclusion of an age limitation in any ad does not constitute an invitation to minors. These ads are intended for adults only.

5. OUTDATED ADS: Do not answer ads in back issues. People move and post office boxes change hands. Your letter could end up in the wrong hands.

6. INSTRUCTIONS FOR ANSWERING CODED ADS, which are those with **BOLD** code names at the end of the ad:

a. Write, stamp and seal your letter inside an envelope that cannot be read through. Make sure you have enough postage for overweight and foreign letters. YOUR RETURN ADDRESS MUST BE ON THE LETTER.

b. IN PENCIL ONLY, write the code lightly in the center of the envelope, so we can erase and write-in the advertisers protected name and address.

PERSONALS

c. Place your letter(s) inside a larger envelope and mail to: CHIRON RISING, P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393.

d. Respond to outdated ads at your own risk. Your letter will be returned to you if advertiser is no longer a subscriber or has requested no more forwarding.

NOTE: PLEASE CAREFULLY ABIDE BY THE ABOVE INSTRUCTIONS IN ORDER TO AVOID THE RETURN OF YOUR LETTER WITHOUT EXPLANATION. LETTERS WITHOUT FORWARDING POSTAGE WILL BE SHREDDED, UNOPENED. WE WILL NOT FORWARD YOUR LETTER AT OUR EXPENSE.

ARIZONA

(6/92) ARIZONA: Retired, 67, 6 ft., 175#, white, hairy chest, endowed. Would like to correspond and hopefully meet other mature men, 50+. I enjoy travel and good times. Write Casa Grande Kid, 533 W. 13th Place, Casa Grande, AZ 85222.

CENTRAL CALIFORNIA

(4/92) FRESNO AREA/NATIONWIDE: Me: 54, Bear type, white male, attractive, muscular, masculine, 190#, stocky, green-eyed, virile, happy, hairy and horny. I'm a former major college halfback and horse and dog lover. You: If you're a genuine top, then I'm a great bottom. Otherwise, only masculine, over 45, sincere males looking for a good friend or relationship. No tricks, please. Write: KARL, c/o 256 Larish, Lemoore, CA 93245.

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

(4/92) CALIFORNIA/NATIONWIDE: Gentle, masculine, affectionate, romantic GWM. Retired, not wealthy, big heart, easy smile. Intelligent, artistic, educated. Stats: 66, 6 ft, 240#, 7-1/2" uncut, blue/white, beard, light drinker, pipe smoker, NO drugs. Wants younger, 25+. Write: **LORD CLEVELAND**

(4/92) SAN FRANCISCO: Bearded GWM, 49, good looking, masculine, stocky, work-muscular body, 5'-8", 168#, 6" cut, one nut, brown hair (greying, balding). I am honest and like same. Most sex okay, but I am mainly French passive. Like long sessions. See my photo in 10/90 CR. Bald, bear, beard a plus. Call Rich at (415) 771-6018, Monday-Thursday.

(NS 6/92) LOOKING FOR BLACK MALE: from any part of the country to share and enjoy a beautiful retreat on seashore and lots of other special interests. Monterey Bay Area and San Francisco. I am GWM, 53, 6 ft., 175#, HIV positive. Let's start a dialog. This ad was run before, but post office messed up. Write: W.R., P.O. Box 880737, San Francisco, CA 94188-0737.

(4/92) SAN FRANCISCO BAY AREA: Clean, white professional, 57, tall, uncut, brown hair, green eyes, seeks friends, HIV negative. Prefer French active but I can be French active, too. Write: **VIRGO**

(4/92) NORTHERN CALIFORNIA: GWM, 50, 5'-10", 165#, would like to meet other secure, affectionate, honest men, 55+, no smoke/drugs, prefer tall, SLENDER. I enjoy beaches, camping, boating, hiking, nudity and gardening. Am HIV-, French active/passive, Greek versatile. Photo exchange. J.K., P.O. Box 1356, Windsor, CA 95492.

(NS 4/92) I'M LOOKING FOR: truly submissive bottoms, 30+, any race. Me: a GBM top, 6 ft, 190#, 51, hung, uncut, sensuous. Like to touch, movies, dining out. Your photo appreciated and will be returned. Safe sex with condoms if chemistry is right. Possible relationship open.

Contact: Ali, 1230 market St., Box 615, San Francisco, CA 94102.

(4/92) COUNTRY LIFE FOR YOU? Would you like to relocate to rural Northern California? I mean *rural*. If you are GWM, HIV negative, 55+, Greek passive or French active, this 66-year-old would like to meet you for a possible long term relationship. Like sports more as a fan than participant. Enjoy easy outdoor activities like camping, fishing, etc. Phone and photo to: K.W.S., P.O. Box 8503, Red Bluff, CA 96080. Will answer all.

(10/92) SAN FRANCISCO/NATIONWIDE: GWM, young 60, short, stocky, bald, hairy, hung, healthy (HIV negative). I am strictly a TOP and am seeking men under 50 for safe sex. Enjoy light S&M. Not interested in relationship. Occasional business travels to major U.S. cities. Write: John, P.O. Box 31335, San Francisco, CA 94131-0335.

(4/92) HEALTHY YOUNG MAN WANTED: to join husky, healthy, masculine couple for friendship and maybe share life in a great Northern California spread. We're sexual, aggressive, and financially and emotionally stable. Physical and mental closeness. Nationwide okay. Write: B.B., P.O. Box 31703, San Francisco, CA 94131.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

(6/92) SO CAL/ORANGE COUNTY: Bi WM, grey hair, 56, 5'-11", 235#, to meet with others. Cock: 8" X 61/2" around, loves to be sucked. Tits love to be sucked. Enjoy my hot ass being massaged, hand up it, soft toys in it, but no pain. Enjoy hand body massage. I'm sensuous, very clean, laid back, horny, educated, like videos, uninhibited, long lasting. Write: **MACK**

(4/92) SAN FERNANDO VALLEY: 80% top, 59, 6', 210#, brown/blue, moustache, wants mature men, 40+, grey or bald. Safe HIV negative, please. Hairy, short, red headed all pluses. Must live nearby. Write: D.E., Box 6884, Burbank, CA 91510. Photo/phone appreciated.

(4/92) SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA/HIGH DESERT: WM, 55, 6'-1", 235#, rugged, masculine, moustache, single, non-smoker, nudist. Seeks younger than myself, any race, well-proportioned body, stable. Fair blonds a plus. No drug users or heavy drinkers. Write: **BAREKAT**

(4/92) GLENDALE/NATIONWIDE: WM, 51, 6'-2", 185#. Have large, 9-1/2", circumcized cock for ardent Frencher. Must be over 60, heavyset. Dentures a large plus. Call me daytime: (818) 240-3194 - Big "D"

(4/92) SO. CALIF/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 5'-7", masculine, hung thick and cut, Greek active, French passive, seeks submissive seniors, 50+, who will take orders for mutual satisfaction. Grey hair, horny, talented, dentured a plus. Looking for an affair. Photo and phone appreciated. Write: Lee Roberts, P.O.Box 5342, Huntington Beach, CA 92646.

(NS4/92) MASCULINE, MATURE TOP DESIRED, 50 YRS PLUS: by a sexually submissive W/M, 38 y/o, 5'-10", 160#, with dark hair and eyes, hairy body, healthy and hung. You are a sexually dominant W/M, 50 years plus, over 5'-11", 185# and hung. I love to be held in the arms of a passionate and lustful masculine man who will seduce me, so I may serve, service, and orally worship him. I have great hips and hot mouth for deep kissing and sucking, with great tits, cock and ass for you. I want a strong man to call the shots! Passionately waiting, Scott, 6201 Sunset #206, Los Angeles, CA 90028.

(4/92) SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA: GWM, 31, 6'-5", 210#, hairy, 8" cock, seeks stocky, big-chested, hairy, endowed older men for good times and friendship. Not looking for relationship, but am open-minded. Your photo gets mine. Write: **LANK**

(4/92) SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA: GWM, 37, 6'-2", 195#, moustache, good-looking, fit, HIV negative, French active/passive, Greek passive, seeks Daddy/top who is masculine, athletic, 40-70, for sensuous, slow meetings, plus good food, movies, conversation. Write: **SANDY II**

(6/92) SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 53, 235#, 5'-11", tattooed, uncut, well hung. Interested in meeting/corresponding with other big men. Prefer guys who are gray or bald, uncut, over 40 years old. Write: **TATTOO**

(6/92) MATURE MAN SOUGHT: By 26-year-old, mature, "boy next door" type. I am 5'-11", 175# (muscular with swimmer's build), clean-shaven, clean-cut, intelligent, humorous, honest, nice, somewhat successful and emotionally/financially secure. I am seeking a masculine man, 50+, for friend. You should be husky, clean-cut, clean-shaven, honest, mature and emotionally secure. If you resemble this description I would love to hear from you. Please write with photo to: POOL BOY, P.O. Box 4351-450, Hollywood, CA 90078. I will respond to ads nationwide.

(4/92) MASCULINE FATHERLY TYPES OVER 65: I am 42, masculine, 6'-2", 200#, seeking correspondence, friendship, cuddling, safe sex. Photo/phone insures mine. Write: Don Rogers, 5917 Oak Ave., Suite 122, Temple City, CA 91780.

(4/92) SENIOR CHUBBY WANTED: GWM, 43, 5'-8", 125#, young-looking, educated, monogamous. Partner for 11 years passed away on 12-8-91, age 73. Although not lovers, we helped and cared for each other. Want similar friendship to include kissing and cuddling. Have small mouth, so prefer small cock. Over 60 and 300 pounds a plus. Let's fill this brief life with warmth and light. Write: Ira Orloff, 418 S. Normandie Ave. #205, Los Angeles, CA 90020.

(8/92) LONELY IN LONG BEACH: Will some nice guy, age 65 or over, come and share my home? I am a young 76-year-old man of average size. I am A/P French and need a friend. Write: Jack Kepr, 325 W. 3rd St., #109, Long Beach, CA 90802.

CONNECTICUT

(8/92) NEW ENGLAND/NEW YORK: GWM, 50, 6 ft., 225#, wants to meet and service GWM, 60+, uncut. Me: French active, love water sports, scat and other good sex! For a good time, write: **WET**

(6/92) MASCULINE, FURRY, STOCKY? GWM, 48, 6'-2", 180#, smooth, sexy bear-lover is looking for you! Write: Jan, P.O. Box 851, Danbury, CT 06813, or call (203) 794-0868.

(6/92) NATIONWIDE: GWM, 28, in steady monogamous relationship, seeks occasional diversion over the phone. If you are over 50 and into phone J/O, please send a descriptive letter and photo, if possible. I enjoy talking/listening about everything from vanilla sex to raunch/spanking (active/passive). Here's the catch: because of my relationship, I do not want to give out my number, so I will initiate all calls at times you have suggested. I realize this is an unreasonable request and therefore do not expect many (any?) responses. Write: **CHAS**

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

(12/92) ABE: You've seen my ads, artwork and photo in the past. If you're older, sexy, hung and masculine, write me. I have a lot to offer. Your photo gets mine. Abraham D. Serrato, P.O. Box 33001, Washington, DC 20033-0001.

FLORIDA

(4/92) FLORIDA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 43, 6 ft., 180#, attractive, cultured, educated, honest, mature, affectionate, friendly. Varied interests. Seeks masculine, professional gentleman, 55+, to visit for intimate friendship and more. Photo appreciated. Write: C.J., P.O. Box 5394, Largo, FL 34649.

(4/92) SARASOTA/NATIONWIDE: Still a lonesome old

(smooth) teddy bear, 65. Like to cook. Love bed. Belt okay. Want sweet Daddy to cherish. Ted, 763 John Ringling Blvd., #B-8, Sarasota, FL 34236.

GEORGIA

(8/92) SEEKS YOUNGER MEN: GWM, 61, 5'-6 1/2", 235#, chubby and cuddly, wishes to meet all races, legal to 30 years old. Prefers Asians, blacks and Hispanics, but all are welcome. Travel extensively. No place in the world too far. Photo a must. Write: **GEORGIA PEACH**

(NS4/92) WANT SOMEONE SPECIAL? GWM, 55, 5'-10", 190#, hairy, versatile, creative, seeks bright, 25-40, down-to-earth guy who likes himself, for long-term relationship. J.R., Box 2158, Decatur, GA 30016.

ILLINOIS

(12/92) HEAVY OLDER MEN: GWM, 50, 5'-8", 140#, brown/blond hair, blue eyes, 6" cut, looking for men over 50, 250 pounds plus and well-endowed. Write: J.N.O., 2238 N. Lakewood, Chicago, IL 60614.

(6/92) MANRIDER: Greying daddy top GWM, 6'-1-1/2", 205#, 63 years, wants an any-age, strong, heavyset playmate bottom lover to horseplay, mutually work out, swim, ride bikes, watch my SWAN and other videos, safe sex, etc. with me. Chicago G & M member. Write: J.R., P.O. Box 1395, Melrose Park, IL 60160.

(4/92) BLOOMINGTON: Attractive GWM, 30, 6 ft., 175#, looking for sincere, warm friendships with older men, 40-65, with big gut (200-300 lbs) and hairy. Grey hair a plus. No drugs/smoke, light drinker okay. I enjoy cuddling, holding and more, if right . . . along with camping, fishing, traveling, fine food, conversation and most anything else. Your photo gets mine. Send to Mike, P.O. Box 4144, Bloomington, IL 61702-4144.

IOWA

(8/92) IOWA/NATIONWIDE: LOVER WANTED: Very attractive, masculine, assertive, affectionate, intelligent GWM seeks in-shape lifemate or fuckbuddy. I'm 50, 5'-10", 180#, HIV negative, uncut, A/P French/Greek (mostly top), blue/brown. Great sex and much love awaits you in Iowa. Photo please. Bring some SUNSHINE into your life and mine. Write: **SUNSHINE**

MARYLAND

(NS6/92) IT COULD BE YOU: Would you like to meet the right person for the right thing? Johnny 7, P.O. Box 56, Temple Hills, MD 20757-0056.

(4/92) COCKEYSVILLE, MD: GWM, 37, Bl/Bl, 210 #, losing fast, professional. I always looked and felt older than I am, and I always loved active men, ages 40-70+. I am looking for a man who lives in DC/Central MD/Central PA area. I want a man for friendship, companionship, fraternity. I love to date. My interests include movies, dogs (show/sport), horses, pets, computers, the outdoors, SCUBA diving, boating. Also, I am looking for someone who could teach me how to snow ski this season. My point: I want us to be good friends first, then we will consider a relationship and/or SS. Write Mike T., P.O. Box 16, Cockeysville, MD 21030.

MASSACHUSETTS

(4/92) RARE OPPORTUNITY: Are you tired of searching for a mature, balanced relationship? Respond, if you are attracted by an intellectually and physically exhilarating, monogamous relationship, with a discerning, mature GM, 30s, possessing exceptional ability to relate to and build relationships of rare quality and intensity with broad-minded older men. Have superb mind and looks, excellent education and career. Also am spontaneous, fun-loving, insightful, serious, passionate and tender. Interests include: arts/architecture, current events/politics, travel, photography, volunteerism, tennis, gardening. Seeking a thoughtful, articulate GWM, 45-65, who is motivated, self-confident, sensual, masculine, young-at-heart, caring, creative, and having distinguished professional career and active avocations. Past experience with relationships not important. Previously married/children acceptable. Humor, sense of curiosity, warm heart a must. Hairy chest, white hair a plus. If compatible, be prepared for the relationship of your lifetime. No drugs/smoke. Write: **LIBRA**

MICHIGAN

(12/92) MASCULINE "CUB": 28, 5'-9", 240#, heavy built, blond, versatile, medium-furry, seeks "Papa Bear" for hopeful life-mate. Ferociously attracted to husky men, 30 to 60, furry, BUT OPEN! Relocation discussable. Write/photo: Mike, P.O. Box 615, Mt. Pleasant, MI 48804.

(4/92) UPPER MICHIGAN AREA: Wanted: man, 75 to 90, uncut, with long foreskin, who loves to be sucked and fucked. Nude photo gets mine. For good time, write. I'm GWM, 58 and uncut. Write: **HEADCHEESE**

MINNESOTA

(2/92) TWIN CITIES BASED WORLD TRAVELER: Healthy, active, fit, smart, sensitive, masculine 45-year-old (average height, weight, endowment, etc.) in search of my life's companion. He's older than I am, and his interests include lasting friendship, the arts, sailing, world travel, food, music and the realm of the senses. He's wise, kind, curious and comforting. He has a sense of humor, a sense of proportion, a sense of honor, and a little common sense thrown in for good measure. Write: **MANTICORE**

MISSISSIPPI

(4/92) GULF COAST NEAR NEW ORLEANS: GWM, 65 years young, 5'-10", 160#, top, 6" uncut, brown hair tinged with grey in marine-style crewcut. Seeks good-looking, uncut partner with big tits that like attention. Write: Horner, Box 2035, Bay St. Louis, MS 39521.

MISSOURI

(8/92) MIDWEST MUSICIAN PLUS: GBM seeks gentle, loving WM for sincere close relationship. Affectionate, considerate, safe. Fatherly types, uncut, a plus. Your discretion respected. Classically trained musician, artist, massage therapist. Some travel possible. Photo, phone supplied after initial contact. Write: **PICCOLO**

(4/92) MISSOURI/NATIONWIDE: Masculine, 35-year-old, looking for 50+, balding, grey. Overweight is great! Enjoy theater, sports and travel. Easy going, employed. No smoke nor drugs. Wilford Brimley, where are you? Write: **BLUENOTE**

(6/92) OLDER BIG-BELLIED MEN: wanted by stable, good-looking 31-year-old W/M, if you are 40-60 years, masculine, heavy-set RAM or BUCKO type who enjoys dominating a younger bottom. Cigar smokers a big turn-on. Penpals and travelers welcome. Write: J.S., P.O. Box 45285, Kansas City, MO 64111.

NEW JERSEY

(10/92) QUALITY AFFECTION OFFERED: by loyal, caring friend. Masculine BiWM, 63, 5'-11", 165#, good mind, good body, balding, dignified. Interests include cultural, scientific, spiritual, sexual, intellectual. HIV negative. Great if you're a top, but friendship and affection come first. Ken - (201) 592-6690 evenings or weekends.

(6/92) NEW JERSEY/NYC: GWM, 63, 5'-10", 220#, professional musician with good sense of humor, seeking friendship/relationship with younger, endowed, hirsute guy who enjoys cuddling and good conversation. Letter/photo/phone appreciated. Write: **ART**

(4/92) NEW JERSEY/NYC, HEAVYSET REDHEAD: GWM, 50, 6'-3", 330#, very Irish-looking. Wants to hear from men who like big guys. Very clean cut. Race unimportant. HIV negative. No drugs or alcohol. Write: Tom Agnew, 1916 Kennedy Blvd., #C-5, Union City, NJ 07087.

(4/92) NYC METRO AREA: Maturing (46) gentleman, 5'-5", 185#, gray beard, teddy bear, seeks younger guys (20s-30s) of discerning tastes for friendship and safe, hot times. Prefer smooth, hairless, youthful body types. Secure, stable only. Into hugging, kissing, holding. No drugs, no heavy scenes. Write: S. Bear, P.O. Box 861, Hoboken, NJ 07030-0861.

NEW MEXICO

(4/92) STILL LONELY IN THE SOUTHWEST: Seek friends, phone or mail, male sex with 50+ men who are gentle, friendly and loving. I am 64, 5'-7", 135#. Phone gets instant reply. Write: **EL PAISANO**

NEW YORK

(4/92) DEPRAVED, DENTURED, DEEP THROAT: 60s, long, hot tongue, seeking lecherous lovin' French passive playmates. Prefer, not exclusively, husky, hairy blue collar types: tattooed, big assed, beerbelly. Love kissing, nippleplay (mine sizzle!), rimming, watersports. Lie back. Let me gum you to ecstasy. Write: R.A.R., Box 6344, New York, NY 10163, or call (212) 684-3582.

(6/92) NEW YORK ROMANTIC: Affectionate, romantic, fun-loving, GWM, 44, 5'-9", 175#, furry, brown hair with moustache and glasses. Seeks older, sincere, relationship-prone, smoother-bodied guy. Love of theatre, travel, movies and big band music a plus. Letter with phone and photo to: S.F., P.O. Box 7527, New York, NY 10116-4631.

(4/92) NEW YORK: GWM, 41, intelligent, healthy, good-looking, seeks mature man, 50+, for monogamous relationship. If you are tired of bars or the dismal social scene, let's get together and enjoy life. Write: **MUSIC MAN**

(4/92) OVER 55? masculine white male, 41, tall, trim, hairy, hung, loyal, discreet, romantic, nonsmoker, seeks dignified, unattached, non-promiscuous gent, 55-75, for passionate, very sexual one-to-one relationship. Into most safe scenes. Any area. Only detailed letters with photo answered. Write: **MANHATTAN JACK**

(6/92) READ YE! A pleasant 70-year-old, presentable gentleman with old-fashioned hospitable manners and who lives in central New York State welcomes visits from men of similar age and manners who would enjoy his hospitality, talented affectionate attentions, and good cooking. Also have motor home. Will travel. Write: **RIP**

NORTH CAROLINA

(12/92) MASCULINE OLDER MAN WANTED (50 TO 80): A clean, discreet, nonsmoking and dependable GWM, 5'-8", 200# football coach is looking for a cuddly, short grandfather type who could use some preferential affection. Prefer clean-shaven, mature man of any profession, or retired. I can do some traveling and I can accept visitors. Photo a must (will return). Call (704) 873-2702, or write: Coach Al, 768 West End Ave., Statesville, NC 28677.

(4/92) NORTH CAROLINA: Two GWM: 1) 64, 5'-8", Greek passive and French active/passive and 2) 45, 6'-0", Greek active and French passive, looking for GWM, 50 to ?? for friendship. Correspondence and ??? No drugs; light drink and cigarettes okay. Photo and phone appreciated. All answered. L & R, P.O. Box 5942, Statesville, NC 28677-2942.

(4/93) NORTH CAROLINA: Affectionate bearcub, writer, artist, 25, 5'-10", 270#, brown/blue, with reddish-brown beard, moderately furry. Looking for brother bears and papa bears for warm friendship, affection and . . . ? All letters answered and correspondence welcome. Your photo/phone gets mine. All you need is to just be you. Write: Fuzztone, 300 S. Sharon Amity Rd. #304-D, Charlotte, NC 28211.

(6/92) SOUTHEAST/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 60s, 6 ft., 175#. Looking for one younger Daddy type, 30s-50s, slender to stocky, dominant master in boots, leather, rubber, and uniforms. Free to travel, penpals welcome. Will be your willing boot slave. Photo appreciated. Write: **BOOTS**

(8/92) NC/NATIONWIDE: WM, retired, 65, 6'-2", 210#, caring, clean, excellent health, wishes to correspond and meet other mature males for friendship and more. No drugs. Photo appreciated. Write: **ATHOS**

OHIO

(6/92) NATIONWIDE: GWM Daddy, 43, 5'-4", 190, seeks young friends, penpals, son types interested in a non-relationship Daddy in their life. Have many interests. Am very sincere, passionate, romantic, caring and loving. Send detailed letter plus photo, if possible to: H.P.S., P.O. box 99306, Cleveland, OH 44199.

OKLAHOMA

((4/92) **BURLY** STILL RUTTISH AND SEARCHING! I appeared on the back cover of Issue #46, and am looking for a husky to heavy-set, 55+ years, GWM, masculine fellow who is interested in getting to know a heavy-set, 41-year-old, masculine exec. I am smooth-skinned, hazel eyes, 5'-11". I love travel, books, movies, cars and LOVEMAKING. I am very versatile, affectionate and honorable. Please write with photo. All replies answered. D.B.R., P.O. Box 403, Lawton, OK 73502.

OREGON

(6/92) OREGON: TRAVELING THRU? WRITE AHEAD; GOOD TIMES ASSURED: 53, healthy, masculine, affectionate, horny, nonsmoker, stocky frame, hairy chested, clean-shaven, professional and clean, seeks sensual, virile man who prefers my type. Have indoor hot tub. Enclose photo to Sandy, P.O. Box 775, Portland, OR 97207 or call (503) 223-1679.

PENNSYLVANIA

(4/92) ANY HUGS AND KISSES TO SPARE? Vigorous, warm fellow in his sixties, looking for daytime hot foreplay and mutual French. I'm 5'-9", 170#. Your photo gets mine. Penpals welcome. Write R.F., P.O. Box 1262, West Chester, PA 19380.

SOUTH CAROLINA

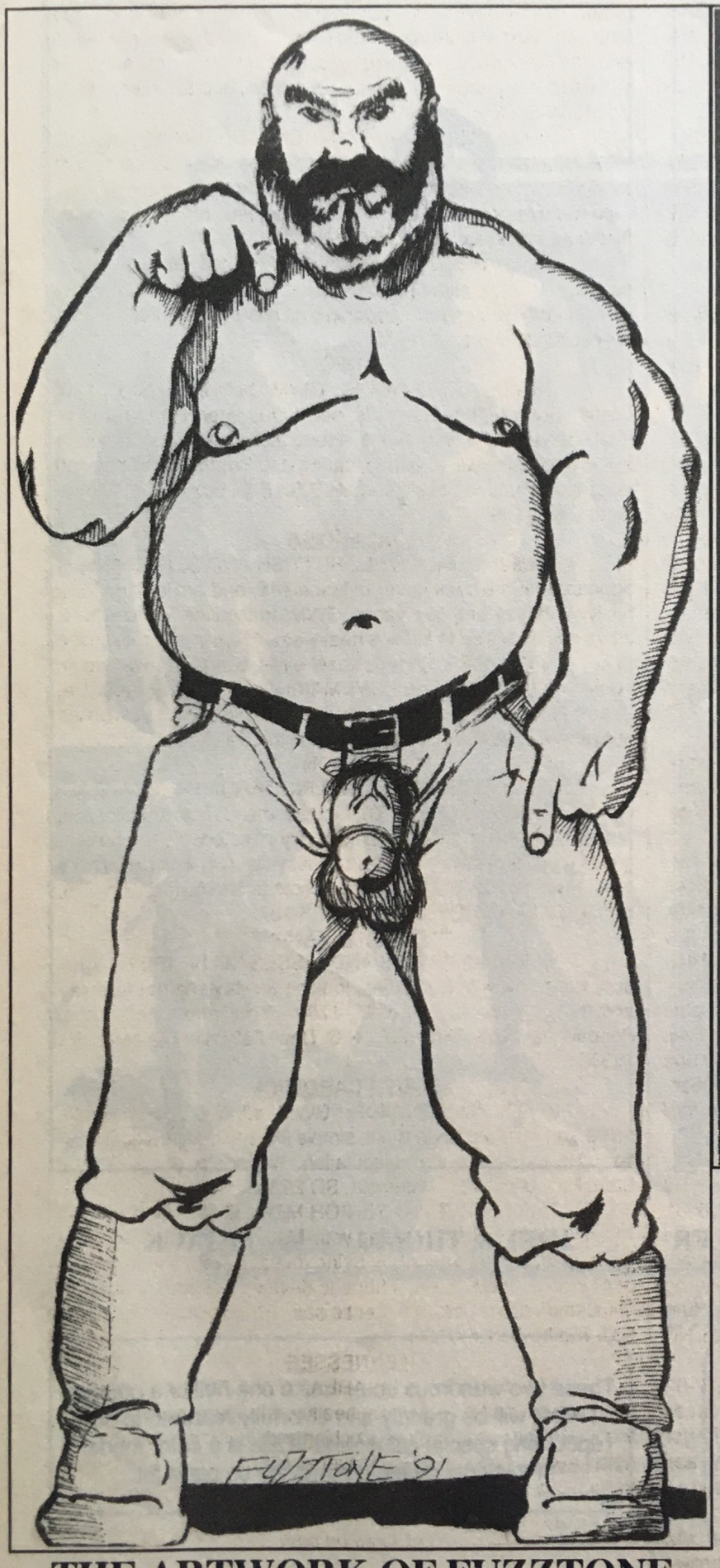
(4/92) NATIONWIDE: GWM, 40, 5'-9", 135#, seeks home and relationship, a quiet, simple life and clear communication. More affection than ejaculation. No cigs or drugs. Write: Stan, P.O. Box 3735, Columbia, SC 29230.

(8/92) SEEKING SENIOR MEN: GWM, 44, 190#, 5'-11", and sincere about pleasing you. Men over 55 who love to be massaged, kissed and enjoy being loved. I will try to satisfy. I don't smoke or do drugs. I hope to develop honest and sincere friendships as well as safe, gentle sex. Photo gets mine. Write: **S.C. SENIOR PLEASER**

TENNESSEE

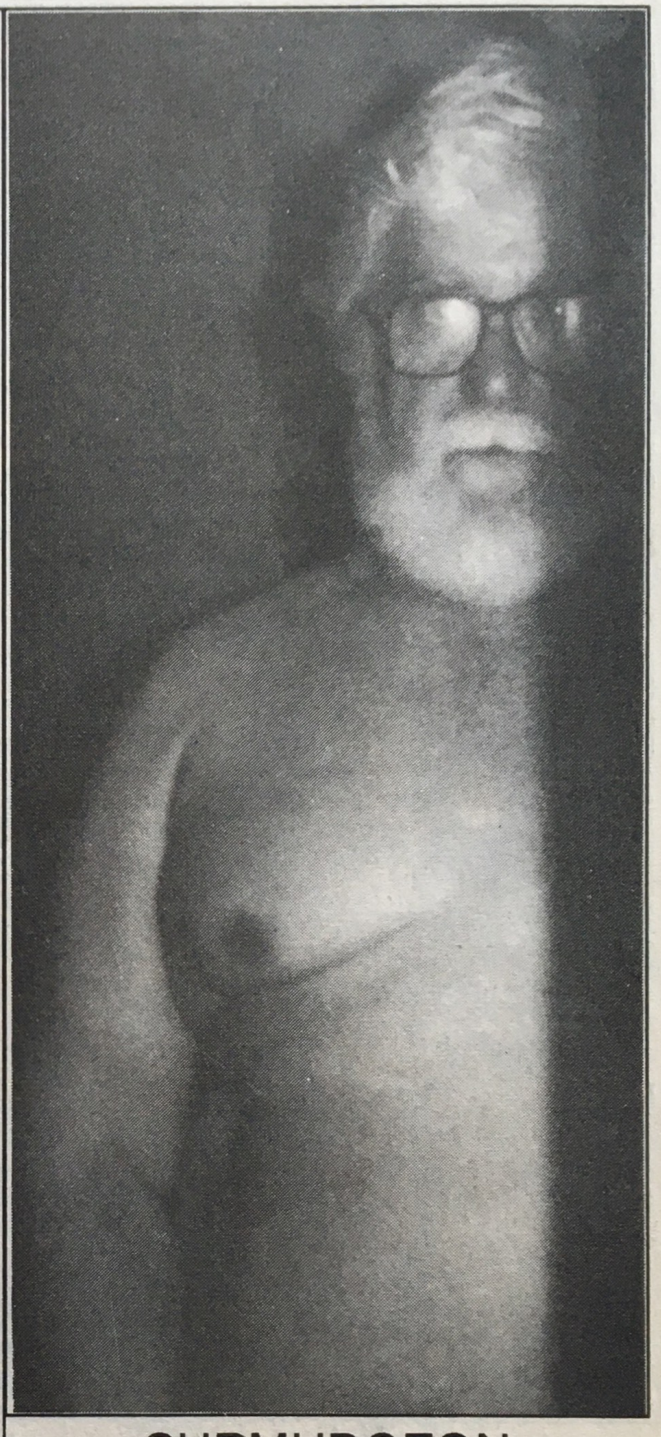
(4/92) NASHVILLE AREA: GWM, 60, 190#, living on beautiful, isolated property. I'm healthy, intelligent, well-educated, financially independent. Love touching and cuddling. Nonreligious, nonsmoking, non-drinking. Travel all U.S.A. Visitors welcome. Write: Beautiful Day, Rt. 1, Box 107, Liberty, TN 37095.

(Continued on page 49)



THE ARTWORK OF FUZZTONE

(see profile on page 14)



CURMUDGEON

photo by GIRAFFE

This San Francisco resident is nearly 70 years old. His hobbies are writing poetry and fiction. He's single and seeks mature buddies who are literate, solvent, generous and not too particular.

MR. MANAGER . . . photo by THE TRAVELER

He's a property manager in Northern California and good friend and model of photographer, THE TRAVELER, who has camera and Harley and will travel. MR. MANAGER wears a kilt to Scottish gatherings; otherwise, he's a nudist.

JOEL & THOM . . . photo by JACK

These two wondrous souls make one hell of a couple. THOM will be grandly and colorfully featured in our upcoming special issue, and JOEL is a color model in this one. Read the profiles on page 24.

MATT

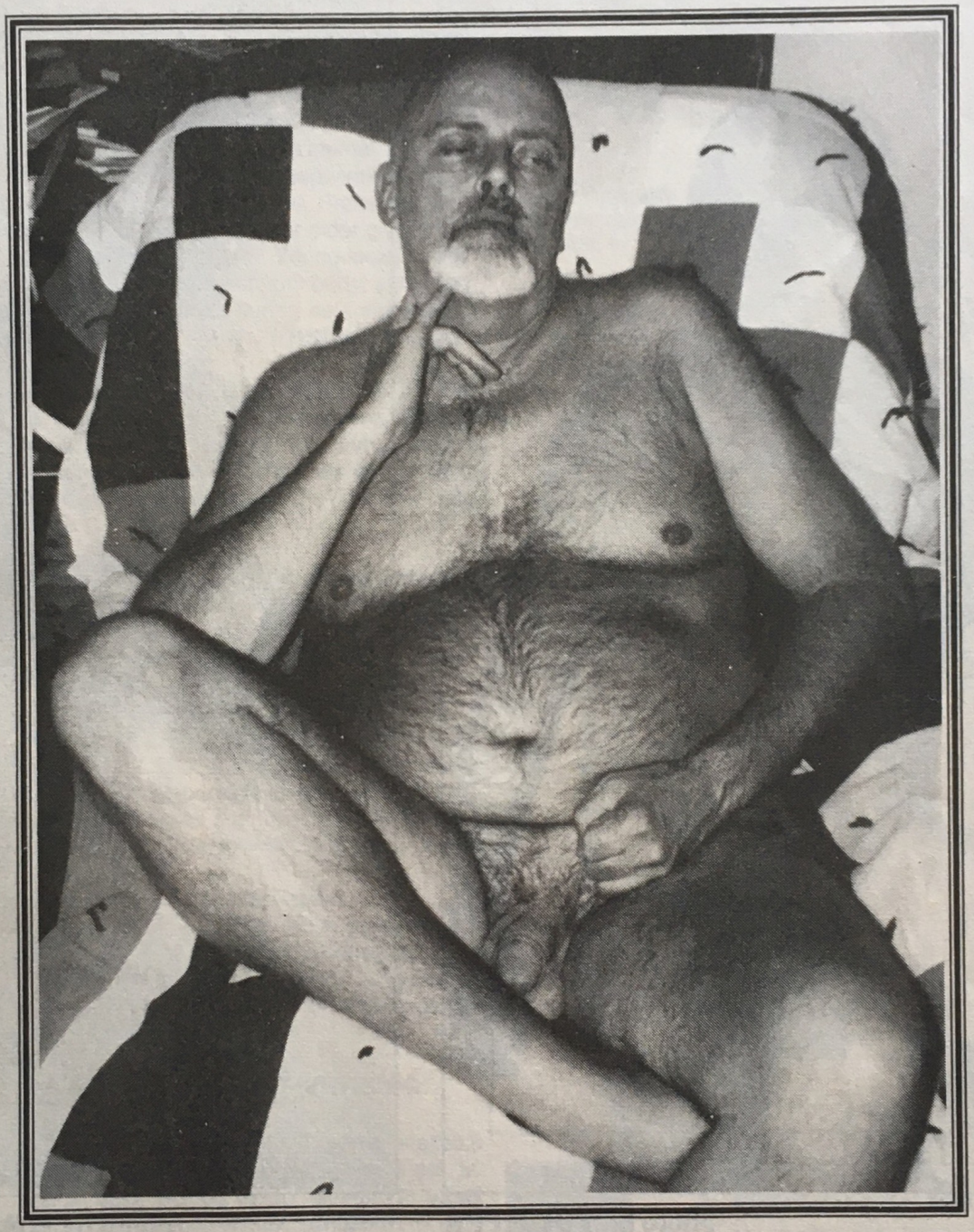


photo by THUMPER

MATT resides in Colorado and lives a positive gay life with his lover. They love to visit friends throughout the west and take lots of photos. MATT is 55, 6'-2", 215#, and loves traveling, camping, boating, football, men, metaphysics and the occult. He's a Scorpio, too.

BOB THREE

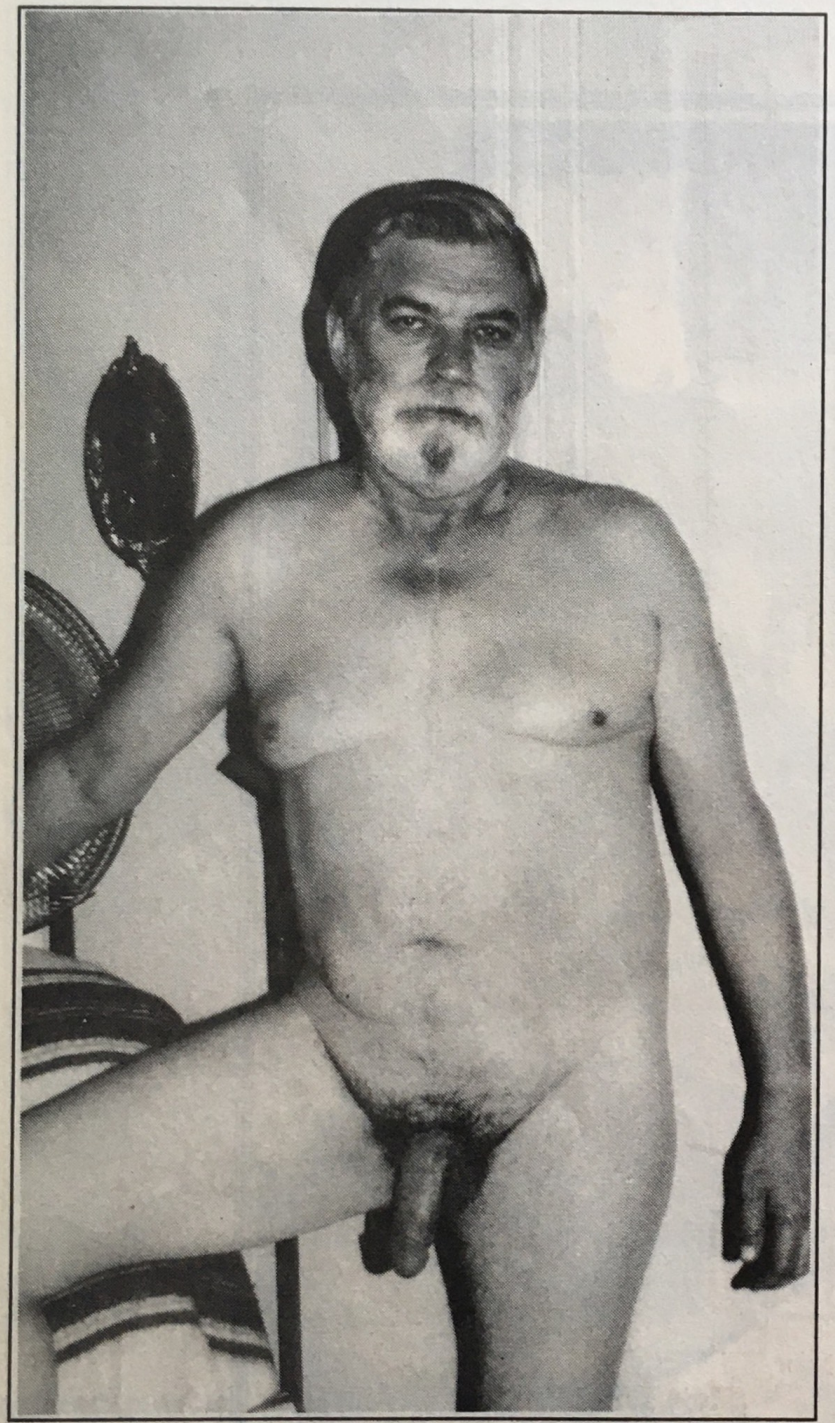


photo by THUMPER

He's 51, 5'-8", 170# and a Virgo who's a professional in communications research. A native Coloradoan, he was raised on a farm and started getting it on with other farm boys at an early age. He loves all men, but prefers them over 35.

BIG "D"

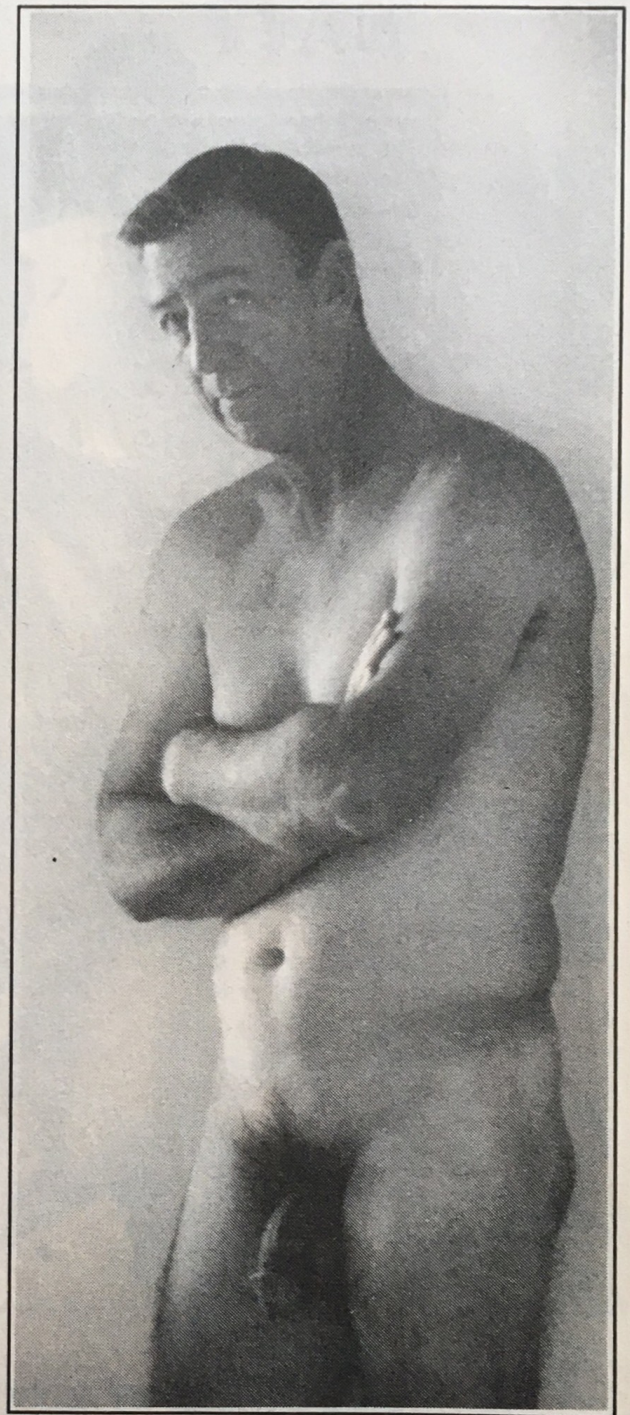


photo by P.H. COLLEY

He's 51, 6'-2", 185# and exclusively goes for men over 60. This Southern Californian lives up to his name in the plumbing department, but he's looking for someone who will look beyond that and get to know the very nice man inside.

(Continued from page 46)

TEXAS

(8/92) NORTH TEXAS: GWM, 45, stocky, nice looking, seeks French active/passive or J/O with masculine men, late 50s up—no limit! Especially like white hair and/or moustaches and beards. HIV negative. Photo appreciated. Write: J. Bennett, P.O.Box 850511, Richardson, TX 75085-0511.

(12/92) SEEK YOUNG MALE: I seek friendship now, maybe more later. I'm very healthy, no diseases, clean, professional, attractive (I'm told), virile as though I were 18. Write. Send photo if possible. Jim, Box 190665, Dallas, TX 75219.

(6/92) HOUSTON/NATIONWIDE: Oriental, 35, 5'-8", 155#, seeks 55-69 senior gentlemen for correspondence/friendship/photos exchange, later visits and more fun. Prefer retired (or not) liberal professors, businessmen or other older gentlemen. Slender or well-proportioned a plus. Me: Young-looking, well-proportioned, kind, warm, black hair, smooth body, senior admirer. Will travel east, west, Florida during next summer, or Europe later. Photo appreciated. Write: **YOUNG-LOOKING**

VIRGINIA

(4/92) LOOKING FOR MEN THAT ARE MASCULINE: GWM, 32 years old, brown hair, blue eyes, moustache. Looking for men over 35 years old and looking for friends and possible relationship. I enjoy showing saddlebred horses and going to NASCAR races. Send photo and phone to K.F., P.O. Box 1582, Abingdon, VA 24210.

WASHINGTON

(6/92) NEED YOU: If you like the Northwest, are young and willing to live with a guy over 60 who is caring and wanting to share his life and love for you and with you. No drugs or bars. I like to have fun and to travel. Would like a picture. Write: **CARING**

INTERNATIONAL

(6/92) TOKYO: Japanese, 37 (look younger), 5'-7", 147#, healthy, nice-looking, silky, smooth skin, affectionate. Would like to have GWM friends--possible lover--in U.S. Want to move to U.S. in near future. Pluses are: over 45, stocky, blond hair, blue eyes. Would also like friends in Japan. Write: **TOKYOMAN**

(Note: please include proper postage for Japan)

(6/92) VANCOUVER: 69, 6'-2", 185#, grey hair and moustache, sexually enthusiastic, would like to correspond with and eventually meet other mature, heavy-set guys. I enjoy travel, bridge and opera. Write: Hirondelle, #281, 1755 Robson St., Vancouver, V6G 3B7, CANADA

CLASSIFIED COMMERCIAL ADVERTISING

PRODUCTS

RETIN-A: Authentic FDA-approved wrinkle creme available imported without prescription--at half off prescription price! 30 grams, .025% retinoic acid, $22.00 each. Seven (7) tubes $115.00. ACCR, Box 6131, Laguna Niguel, CA 92607. (29911 Niguel) (6/92)

SEEKING INFORMATION

Author seeks gay male subjects who have had physical contact with extraterrestrial aliens. Especially looking for those who have experienced neurological examinations or actual sexual episodes. Strictly confidential. Write: **MARDUK** (8/92)

VIDEO FOOTAGE SOUGHT

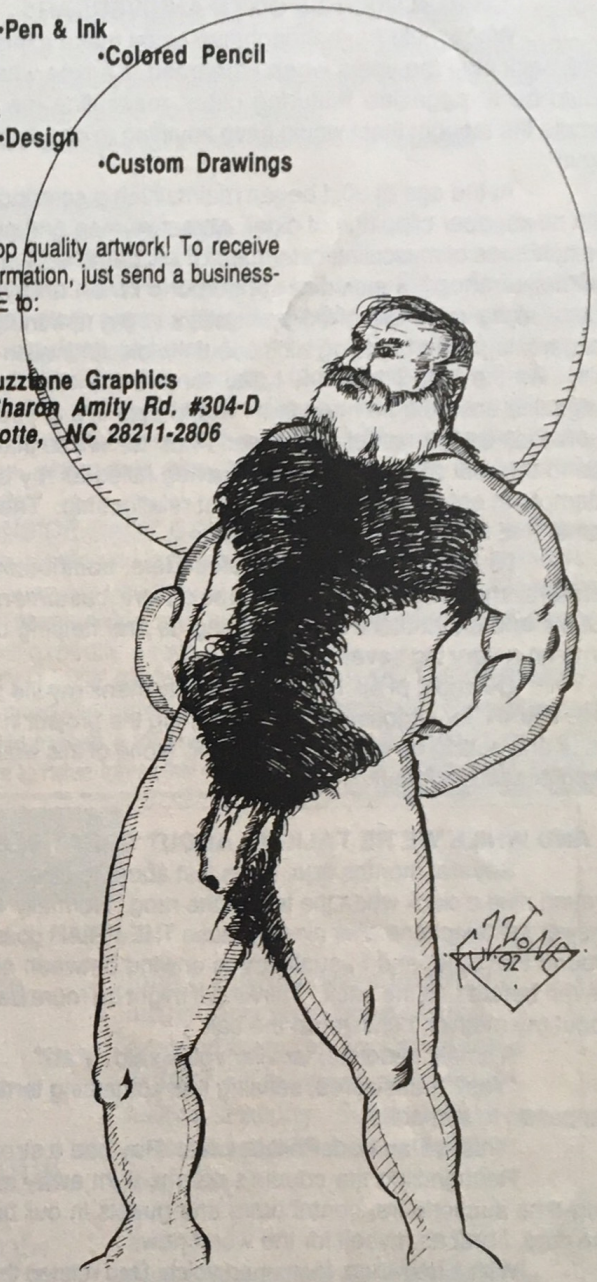
Video producer seeks video footage of older men in erotic, yet non-pornographic situations. Nude okay, but no sexual action with others or masturbation. Producer will buy the rights to exceptional footage for upcoming venture. Contact **SATURN** (codeword) for more information. (6/92)

Quality artwork for bears, bear lovers, chubbies & chasers alike!

•Pencil
•Pen & Ink
•Colored Pencil
•Portraits
•Design
•Custom Drawings

Invest in top quality artwork! To receive further information, just send a business-sized SASE to:

Fuzztone Graphics
300 S. Sharon Amity Rd. #304-D
Charlotte, NC 28211-2806



THE BigAd

A Worldwide Personals Publication for the Full-Framed Man & His Admirer!

For information, send S.A.S.E to:

The Big Ad
2966 Diamond St., Box 448
San Francisco, CA 94131
or call: **(415) 695-2327**

IN CLOSING

CHIRON RISING'S SIXTH ANNIVERSARY

Who would have thought we could make it this far? I think back over the years when I dreamed of a time when there would be a magazine featuring older, masculine men. How remote the thought that I would have anything to do with pioneering it!

At the age of 30, I began maintaining a scrapbook filled with newspaper clippings of older, attractive men and photos of the hundreds of masculine older men I'd encountered in my quest for "deliverance." I included sophomoric fiction and very bad poetry, along with drafts of indignant letters to gay newsmagazines, condemning them for doing zilch about the discrimination of older folk. By the time I was 44, I had formed my own "pretend" magazine and held no hope that I would ever live to see such a publication on the market. Moreover, I was convinced that I would spend the rest of my days alone, having failed all my previous attempts at entering into a permanent relationship. Then along came THE FRIAR and . . . deliverance.

I'd like to thank all our cofounders, contributors, subscribers, mail-order customers, book store customers, retail outlets and distributors for supporting us and helping us get a jump on a very big seventh year.

But most of all, I'd like to publicly thank my life partner, THE FRIAR, for suggesting and supporting the project in the first place and putting up with all the bull shit. None of this would have been possible without him.

AND WHILE WE'RE TALKING ABOUT GREAT PEOPLE

Several months ago, I was just about to close up shop around nine o'clock when the telephone rang. Normally we don't answer the telephone after nine because THE FRIAR goes to bed around that time, and I usually try to unwind between nine and eleven before I hit the sack. Thinking it might be more bad news about my mother, I answered the call.

A small, desolate, familiar voice said, "Pat?"

"Yes?" I answered, sensing that something terrible had happened to someone.

"This is Dan from Philadelphia. Roy had a stroke."

Recognizing the couple's names right away as being long-time subscribers, contributors and guests in our house at one time, I braced myself for the worst news.

With a trembling, frightened voice, Dan related the story. Roy, in his 60s and already suffering from diabetes, sleep apnea, hypertension and Parkinson's disease, began showing symptoms they both mistook for Parkinson's. Little did they know that it was a warning of impending massive stroke. Later, Roy began to stammer and the limbs on one side of his body curled up. By the time Dan got him to the hospital, Roy was partially paralyzed, speechless and blind.

"You and THE FRIAR are the only ones I knew to call," Dan continued, trying not to break down. "There's no one else I can talk to, and I really need to talk to someone."

The statement shattered me as much as the news of Roy's stroke. Dan is a young man who, like so very many others, thought he was some freak because he liked older men. To say that he was stunned when Roy, an older, beefier, previously heterosexual widower came into his life, would be an understatement. Of course, there were adjustment problems. Roy, still thinking like a heterosexual male, wouldn't consider moving in with Dan. Dan had his work cut out for him, but he prevailed and finally got Roy to move in. Unfortunately, they had problems meeting other intergenerational couples and had few if any friends . . . except us.

My advice: be firm yet wary of Roy's family. Since there was no power of attorney for health care, I reminded Dan that he would be at the family's mercy regarding visiting Roy. And since they were not "out" to the family, Dan would have to tread lightly in his dealings with them. One word to hospital officials and Dan could be banned from seeing or knowing the status of his lover.

Granted, Dan called me for advice and support, but I'll have to give him all the credit for how things turned out. Of course, Roy's family converged on the scene and began bullying Dan. One of Roy's sons came to Dan's apartment and demanded Roy's belongings, announcing that the family was moving their dad to a facility in the Midwest. Dan, a pretty sharp young man, had the presence of mind to gently remind the offspring that the apartment was his—not Roy's—and that the majority of the furnishings were his, too . . . and, most of all, what made the family think that Roy wouldn't pull through? Wouldn't it be better to wait awhile to see if Roy would respond to treatment? Moreover, he detected an intense homophobia and subtly diverted the family's attention from the suspicion of a homosexual relationship. He convinced the more compassionate family members that Roy had become a surrogate father--that he felt he owed Roy so very much for turning his life in the right direction. For that reason, he felt that he should help out with sitting with Roy. Consequently, Dan was allowed to visit regularly, and, when the other family members were out of the room, he would stroke and encourage his blind, helpless lover.

The stroke of genius came when Dan subtly "divided and conquered" the family by quietly bringing up the little matter of the horrendous cost of moving Roy to the Midwest and placing him in a nursing home, with a little "Isn't it so nice to see family members so willing to sacrifice so much financially just for their father" for good measure. It wasn't long before the more greedy members went back to the Midwest, leaving behind a more compassionate daughter, who finally went back herself—probably after sensing the intensity of Dan's love and dedication for Roy.

After that, we had numerous telephone conversations back and forth. At first, things stayed pretty much the same: the only slightly improved vision (yet still legally blind), the short-term memory loss, the paralysis, the refusal to eat unless Dan fed him. I still cannot fathom how Dan kept his job while spending so many hours with Roy, talking to him, encouraging him, feeding him.

Later, Roy was placed in a rehab unit, and things began to get tough. It reminded me of a good friend in Chicago who had a stroke which paralyzed half his body. At first he hated his tormenting therapist, but walked out of the place with a cane a month later with tears in his eyes for that big, wonderful black woman who forced him to work hard. I hoped for the same outcome with Roy.

The calls from Dan became less frequent, and we began to worry. Weeks went by and my telephone calls went unanswered. We feared a relapse, a second stroke. Then one night I called and Dan answered the phone.

"I was worried," I said. "What's the latest on Roy?"

"Why don't you find out for yourself?" he responded. "I just brought him home today."

Roy got on the line, and I almost lost it. The man sounded great. He thanked us for helping Dan through the crisis and promised that things would change relative to making local friendships and having legal documents drawn up.

It's been a month since that good news, and the word from Philly just continues to get better. Roy is actually climbing stairs on his own now, and ophthalmologists give tentative encouragement about being able to reverse the eye damage. There is much hope and a whole lot to be thankful for.

There are lessons here for all of us. When it comes to family, be legally prepared. If you haven't done your homework, use your head like Dan did when the confrontation comes. It's not necessary to "come out" to both your families in order to inform them of your importance to one another. But don't let the fear of exposure force you to trivialize your relationship in their minds.

Love means going all out for one another and being there when the tough times come. And they always come sooner or later. Don't allow your mate's family to put you in the bleachers when your mate needs you at ringside.

We wish you all a man like Dan by your side.

Much Love,
PAT AND THE FRIAR

PROFILES OF COLOR MODELS - Continued from page 24)

PAGE 29 (Cont) : **SHORT ONE** is 33 (honest to God), 5'-6", 155# and hails from Maryland. He enjoys painting, movies, the beach. He also enjoys corresponding with men over 40 who are small endowed like himself. Pen pals are welcome. **MARK** is our very first younger BigMan model. He's 32, 5'-10", 248#, and doesn't smoke, drink or take drugs. He's interested in an honest, nice, mature man, 6 feet or taller.

PAGE 30: **CAL** is 53, 5'-11", 190# and lives in Southern California. He would like to meet guys over 40, Southern California . . . or worldwide, because he can travel. **JOHN McNEILL** is none other than THE JOHN McNEILL, author of the books advertised below and a spiritual inspiration to hundreds of thousands of people all over the world. Why would be want to model for CR? "Why not?" he said. **JACOB** is 61, 200#, 6 feet and resides in Eastern Washington. His interests include classical music, opera, theatre, museums, quiet evenings, reading, safe sex and traveling. He's looking for a white, bearded teddy bear, 40+ who enjoys the same as above. Having traveled to Europe 17 times, he's especially looking for a traveling companion. **TASSIE DEVIL** is a 65-year-old Australian of Spanish origin, who likes clean-shaven, super chub types, 50+ for exchanging correspondence--photo first, meet later. He especially loves nature and the arts.

INSIDE BACK COVER: **RUSSIAN BEAR**, a Texas resident, is retired and in his mid-50s. He's 5'-9", 195#, muscular, hairy and hung (as you can no doubt see for yourself). He seeks a serious relationship and suggests that a photo and phone number will expedite a reply.

OUTSIDE BACK COVER: **MICHAEL OF GERMANY**, 62, is a retired German who resides in Northern California and Munich. He travels a lot and likes to meet moustached men, any age. Want to have fun at the next Oktoberfest? Contact MICHAEL.

TWO FROM JOHN McNEILL

Taking a Chance on God
Liberating Theology for Gays, Lesbians, and Their Lovers, Families, and Friends

" His new effort is like a harsh, but bracing wind that blows away illogical and cruel theology."
–Bay Area Reporter

"[McNeill] is a bearer of theological promise and spiritual hope to lesbians and gay men who have wrongly suffered rejection and betrayal in the name of God."
–The Advocate

$9.95 paper

The Church and The Homosexual
Third Edition
Updated and Expanded

Now with new material on AIDS, gay and lesbian sexuality and McNeill's own struggle with the Catholic Church.

"A vintage work in the evolving history of the relationship between gay people and institutional Christianity. McNeill's book remains central to the story."–Malcolm Boyd, author of *Are You Running with Me, Jesus?*

$9.95 paper

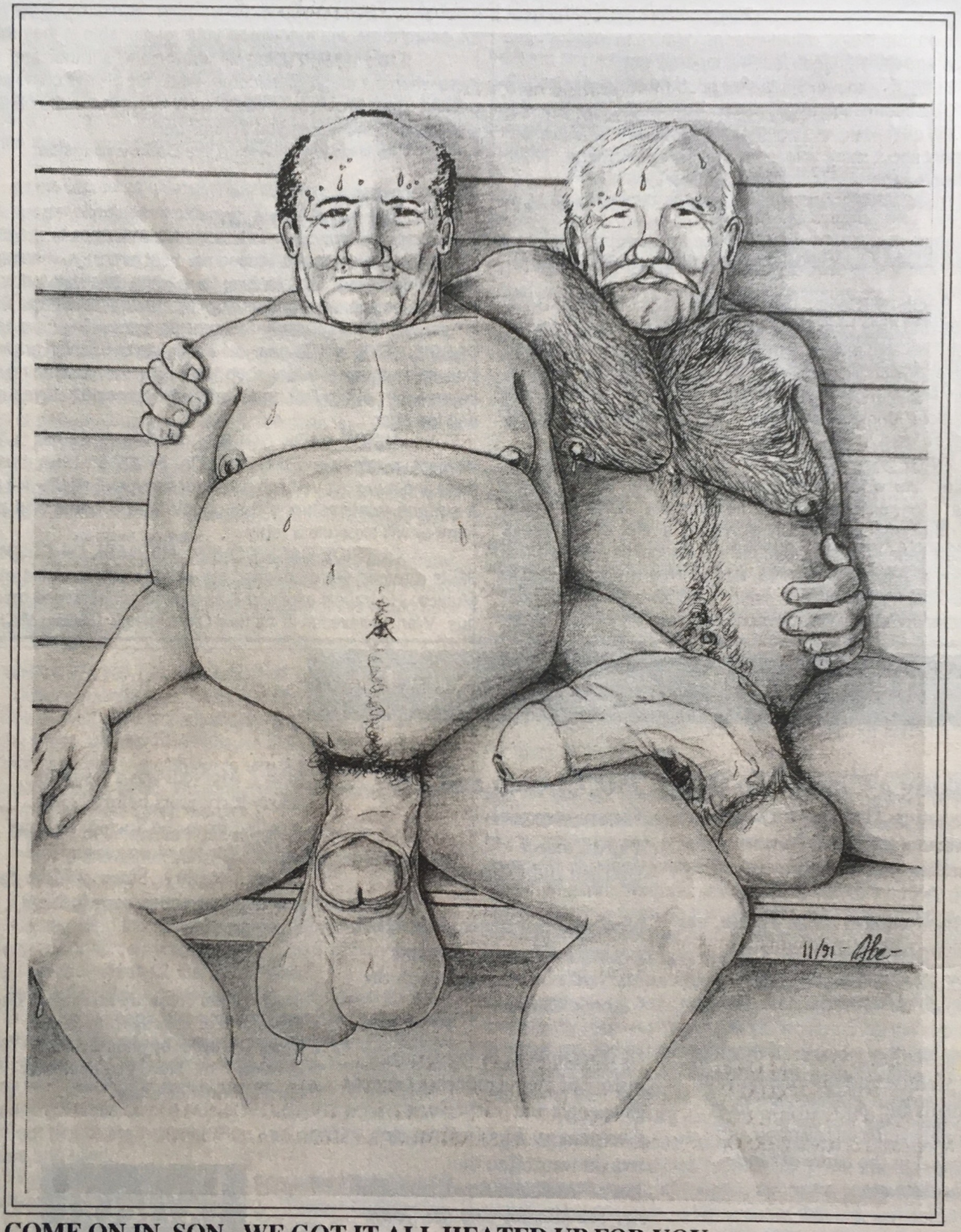
John J. McNeill was a Jesuit for nearly forty years before being expelled from the Society of Jesus in 1987 for his views on gay and lesbian sexuality. Since 1975 he has practiced psychotherapy in New York City.

Beacon Press books are available at fine bookstores or directly from Beacon Press. To order by phone, call 617-742-2110 ext. 596. Have Visa or MasterCard information ready.

Beacon PRESS

25 Beacon Street
Boston MA 02108

THE ARTWORK OF ABE



COME ON IN, SON. WE GOT IT ALL HEATED UP FOR YOU.

ABE has a message for all you sexy, masculine daddies out there: "Send me your photos. You're the greatest inspiration and just plainly great. I'm muscular, masculine, 5'-5", 149#, black hair, brown eyes with moustache." ABE was featured as a model in Issue #47 and is one of our popular regular artists.

ORDER FORM

NOTE NEW SUBSCRIPTION OPTIONS, REVISIONS TO FOREIGN RATES AND THE LIFTING OF STATE RESTRICTIONS.

SUBSCRIPTIONS	NO. AMERICA	ELSEWHERE
8 ISSUES PER YEAR (the next 6 regular bi-monthly issues plus 2 special odd month issues)	$50.00	$66.00
6 ISSUES PER YEAR (the next 6 regular bi-monthly issues only. No special issues)	38.00	50.00
4 ISSUES PER YEAR (the next 3 regular bi-monthly issues plus 1 special odd month issue)	26.00	35.00
3 ISSUES PER YEAR (the next 3 regular bi-monthly issues only. No special issue)	20.00	26.00

Is this a renewal? Yes____ No____

BACK ISSUES	NO. AMERICA	ELSEWHERE
1991: #44, #46, #47	3.00 EACH	6.00 EACH

(ALL 1986 THRU 1990 BACK ISSUES ARE NOW SOLD OUT)

SPECIAL ISSUES		
NOVEMBER 90 (SANCTUM) #37	3.00	6.00 ($8 for Japan)
MAY 91 (MOONFINCH)#41	3.00	6.00 ($8 for Japan)
NOVEMBER 91 (ZONES) #45	8.00	11.00 (same for Japan)
MAY 92 (KNOWING SATURN) #4	8.00	11.00 (same for Japan)

IMPORTANT:

1) Because of risk of customs confiscation, we ship to Japan, United Kingdom and New Zealand via Air Mail Correspondence rate, which is more expensive than our usual Air Mail Printed Matter rate. All issues are shipped in separate envelopes. We are not responsible for confiscation by customs officials.

2) All issues are now available in all states. THIS FORM, PROPERLY COMPLETED AND SIGNED MUST ACCOMPANY ALL ORDERS, HOWEVER. NO EXCEPTIONS.

3) U.S. orders for three or more back issues are mailed via Priority Mail. Since multiple issue packages are too often reported as never received, we will not guarantee delivery of larger envelopes unless you request special handling and include an additional $2.00 to cover certified and return receipt fees.

4) The above prices include postage, taxes and handling. All issues are mailed via First Class mail in the U.S. and via Printed Matter Air Mail elsewhere (except Japan, Great Britain and New Zealand). Circle items requested and enclose check or money order in U.S. funds (money order only from overseas—no checks unless through U.S. banks), payable to CHIRON RISING. Send cash at your own risk. It should be mailed well-disguised via certified mail. Mail to CHIRON RISING, P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393. [4864Luna, Phelan]

I CERTIFY THAT I AM OVER 18 YEARS OF AGE AND ACKNOWLEDGE THAT I AM REQUESTING SEXUALLY EXPLICIT, HOMOSEXUALLY ORIENTED MATERIALS. I AM NOT A LAW ENFORCEMENT OFFICIAL, POSTAL INSPECTOR OR MEMBER OF ANY CENSORSHIP GROUP. I WILL NOT EXHIBIT THIS MATERIAL TO A MINOR OR EXPOSE IT TO ANY PERSON WHOSE PRIVACY OR SENSIBILITIES MIGHT BE OFFENDED.

SIGNED:_____

NAME:_____

ADDRESS:_____

CITY/STATE/ZIP:_____

PERSONAL AD ORDER FORM

NOTE: WE MUST RECEIVE YOUR AD FOR ISSUE #50(JUNE 92) NO LATER THAN APRIL 15, 1992

Personal ads for both subscribers and non-subscribers are now priced at 30 cents per word, with a minimum order of $10. Codewords (An alias only you and we know. We receive your mail, decode and forward to you--subscribers only) are $5 per issue. A telephone verification charge of $5 is required for the publication of telephone numbers (not applicable if you've placed an ad with your telephone number in the past year).

AD HEADING: (all caps)_____

MESSAGE: (Type or print clearly. Use attachment if more space needed. Do not abbreviate, except as noted below):

AD CLOSING or CODEWORD: (State the name and address or codeword you want to appear in the ad.)

NOTE: If you use a codeword, make sure it is unique. If your particular codeword has already been taken, we will assign another. YOU MUST USE YOUR REAL NAME, AN ALIAS OR INITIALS IF YOU USE A P.O. BOX. WE WILL NOT ALLOW THE USE OF "OCCUPANT" OR "BOX HOLDER". YOU MAY NOT PLACE AN AD FOR SOMEONE ELSE.

YOUR REAL NAME (not for publication):_____AD DURATION:___Issues

YOUR MAILING ADDRESS (if you are not a subscriber)_____

PRICING:_____Words X 30 cents/word X _____Issues= $_____

Codeword (if applicable): _____Issues @ $5 Each Issue _____

Telephone Verification (if applicable) @ $5 (One Time Charge) _____

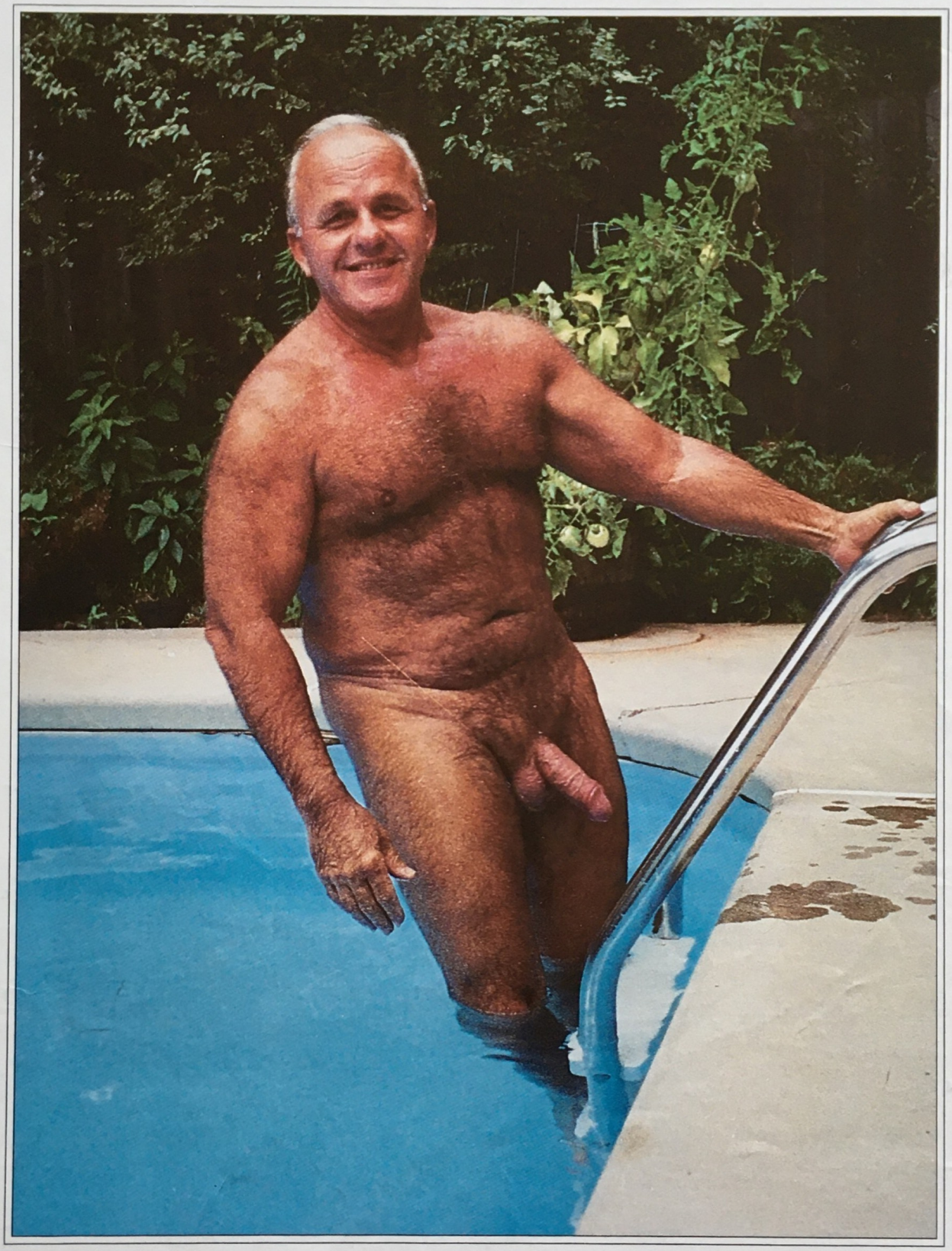
TOTAL REMITTANCE $_____

NOTE: Abbreviations GWM, HIV, P.O. and two-letter state symbols are the only abbreviations allowed and each counts as one word. Number series (age, weight, height, endowment, P.O. box numbers, addresses, apartment numbers, zip codes and telephone numbers) count as one word each. We refuse to print descriptions of body weight, mannerisms, skin color, etc. in a negative context. CLEARLY specify what you seek, not what you exclude.

I hereby authorize CHIRON RISING to publish the above ad, and I take sole responsibility for any resulting relationship or incident.

(Sign)_____

Mail to: CHIRON RISING, P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393.



RUSSIAN BEAR . . . photo by SAM

MICHAEL OF GERMANY
photo by MANFRED